

TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

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Around Town.

So far the attempt to have a proper and patriotic celebration in Toronto of the twenty-fifth anniversary of the Confederation of Canada has not been very encouraging. At the first meeting held by the citizens to urge the city government to take action, it was decided that the entire responsibility should be left with the Council. The Executive was appealed to and they recommended five thousand dollars—all that was asked. The Council ratified this recommendation, but as usual left a door of escape behind the City Solicitor's opinion as to the legality of the grant. I have more than once expressed my opinion of a body that hasn't backbone enough to proceed to do what is necessary for the city's good, fortified by the knowledge that what the city almost unanimously demands will not be prevented if the Council acts boldly and does not itself raise the legal technicalities. The City Solicitor advised the Council that exception could be taken to the grant; he also advised the Citizens' Committee that the statutes would not permit a greater annual expenditure than five thousand dollars on all receptions and traveling expenses of deputations. I have often taken exception to the fearsome methods of the City Solicitor, but in this case he seems to be hedged about by legal definitions which make it impossible to blame him for the result of the many almost fruitless conferences. Mr. Coady when asked to state the amount already expended or pledged, felt that fifteen hundred dollars would have to be deducted from the five thousand voted. Very reluctantly indeed the Committee decided to accept the balance and proposed to have as good a celebration as possible. After the plans had been made and sub-committees arranged, Mr. Coady discovered that the amount had shrunk another fifteen hundred dollars, leaving only two thousand. Of course it is impossible to have a military parade or anything of the sort with such a trifling sum. If the aldermen were not so woefully afraid of an injunction in trying to do something for Toronto which would attract the attention and patronage of the entire province, five thousand dollars would have been voted and no questions asked, and even if the injunction had been issued legislation could have been obtained to warrant the payment of the amount and make legal such reasonable grants in the future.

Another feature of the effort to organize for the celebration was the absence of the rich merchants and large property owners who are obtaining the largest share of Toronto's prosperity. These gentlemen are always willing that the work of bringing Toronto to the front, whether it be by means of railway enterprises, industrial exhibitions, holiday celebrations, municipal reforms, etc., be attended to by their more enthusiastic but less selfish brethren. Nor can it be said that the volunteers themselves have been exceedingly enthusiastic. As one gentleman said, the twenty-fourth of May is by custom a regular parade day, so is Thanksgiving, and the volunteers feel they ought to have Dominion Day to themselves. Possibly this is right, but it is depreciating the day in which Canadians should feel the greatest pride and in which they should take the greatest interest. However, it cannot be a matter of wonder that our volunteers become tired of being the chief features of holiday celebrations. They are constantly being asked to visit other cities and at expense and inconvenience to themselves are continually taking such jaunts. The City Council should make a grant for the proper celebration of the First of July, and it should be the custom to vote this amount every year. It should be large enough to make the turn out of local and county troops a regular feature. If this were the case, aided by private subscriptions and municipal aid Toronto would become the most attractive city in all Canada on our national birthday. In fact, the celebration of the First of July should be not merely something to be hurriedly arranged for a few days before it comes around, but a matter of settled policy. As this has not been the case and as the Legislature has surrounded our city government with provisions as rural and inapplicable as the Drainage and Water Courses Act, the Council cannot be held altogether responsible for the practical abandonment of the proposed Dominion Day celebration, for of course the failure to materialize on the five thousand dollar grant must mean the abandonment of the enterprise, except as a school children's exhibition and concert, with perhaps some fireworks in the evening. No committee can be obtained to go around and solicit by private subscription the three or four thousand dollars necessary to have the smallest kind of a parade. Nor should a few be called upon either to solicit or pay subscriptions. These affairs are for the benefit of the whole city and as far as national sentiment goes for the good of the whole country. No one who has not tried the experiment of begging funds for a celebration knows what a humiliating position it is. Each solicitor is felt to be a nuisance and while personal friendship and the conventionalities of business force the victim to be courteous and possibly generous, yet there is underlying the whole solicitation a feeling that money is being extorted by a presumptuous person on a sentimental plea but for a selfish purpose. No self-respecting man will be twice put in that position. If we are to have celebrations we may just as well understand that the city must pay

for them out of the taxes and the burden not be inflicted on the few. If the taxpayers are not patriotic enough to desire to celebrate the birthday of the Canadian nation, they are to be pitied and should be educated. If they are patriotic enough, Toronto should make itself felt as the chief literary and educational center in the Dominion.

The United States every four years is attacked by a burning fever of politics. Its pulse jumps away up from its normal school condition and everybody stays awake nights arguing as to who shall be the Republican or Democratic nominee, and after these points are settled, as to who shall be President. There is no doubt that business is considerably disturbed by this feverish condition; new ventures are not entered into, churches and prayer meetings and theaters are partially deserted, and citizens ordinarily inclined to staid and decorous conduct stay out nights and march as Clubs and yell and act like boys. Admitting all this, it remains a fact that presidential year with all its intensity of political fervor has been the salvation as well as the menace of the United States. People cannot talk politics as much as they do in the republic to the south of us without eventually learning something about the questions under discussion. Newspapers contain nothing of interest save the "burning questions of the day." The majority of the electors, in cities at any rate, buy journals containing opposite views; speech-making is the order of the afternoon and the disturbance of the night. The very enthusiasm with which these people enter into their contests must necessarily prevent for a time at least a cool and thoroughly wise decision, but in politics the hardest task is to keep the popular heart right and this cannot be done unless there is some enthusiasm. Apathy is the

our smallest politics; not that the people of that country are less inclined to sectarianism than we are, but because the constitution forbids any advantage to be given to any sect or any money to be voted to any denomination either on the plea of separate schools or state church.

We as Canadians have the glorious right to participate in a constitutional history much greater than that of the United States, firmer in many respects, more elastic and equally free. I may be controlled by prejudice, yet I would so much rather have the British flag over my head than that even if our institutions were less adapted to a free people I would maintain that our laws and traditions and the sense of British justice which pervades every citizen of Anglo-Saxon origin, would compensate us for the absence of a few superior points in a but partially practical theory. Yet while maintaining my belief in our flag and in our traditions and in the superiority of many of our institutions, I am firmly convinced that Canada will never be at rest, her factions harmonized and her future settled until she too is governed by a strong written constitution. While we are of Anglo-Saxon origin we are developing our nation in a new country where tradition is not binding on the foreigner who makes his home with us, nor of any effect in quelling the daily disturbances brought about by the rivalries of all sorts and conditions of people. England is partially protected from religious issues by a state church; the United States is protected from the same evils by a constitutional enactment making impossible the recognition of any church. Here in Canada we are struggling to recognize every church and apparently trying to create a half a dozen state churches. England never thinks of but one language for her people and her laws and de-

country the largest name and the greatest future conceivable by the most vivid imagination of its citizens. Nor must we forget that the United States have a "color" question likely at any time to produce a crisis; the wonder is that they have had but one civil war.

The lynching of the colored man in Port Jervis, N. Y., shows how bitterly the race prejudice divides the whole people of the United States. It was supposed that hostility against the negro existed only in the South, but this incident proves that the color line is quite as distinct in the North. Foley, the man who evidently instigated the outrage, which, by the way, I am quite willing to admit was of such a dreadful character as to justify the lynching, has been permitted to survive, while the negro who was the instrument of his vile machinations was almost torn limb from limb. The press and pulp of the United States may appear to be very much shocked at this outburst of popular wrath, yet the fact remains that public opinion in Port Jervis condones the lynching and the machinery of the law is entirely powerless to punish the lynchers. No one has been punished for the shooting of the Mafians in New Orleans and nobody will be hanged for the lynching of the Port Jervis negro. I quote this incident simply to show that the white heat and powerful sentiment of the presidential year does much to cement the people of the United States. Were it not for the strong patriotism controlling the Anglo-Saxon and German element in the United States the Republic would long ago have gone to pieces. As it is, this sentiment seems powerful enough to fuse in one general and homogeneous mass the millions of outcasts who have come from Europe and found a home in the Republic, and thus the ship of state is able to stand these hard

me for advice with regard to proposed trips, think me discourteous or inattentive to their wants. Frequently, however, during my absence from the city, letters come asking as to the best way to go to this place and that, from those who believe that because I have written of the country they desire to visit I am able to point out the best means of taking the proposed trip. It is always a pleasure to answer such letters but in many instances requests of that sort have lain on my desk for weeks, as I never have any mail forwarded to me when I am away. While I repeat that to answer such letters is a pleasure, I would suggest that those who wish such information while writing to me should also communicate with Mr. Barlow Cumberland, from whom almost invariably I have obtained my transportation and the facts necessary for whatever voyage or excursion I proposed to take. I have always found him well versed in such matters, courteous in his treatment and exact in his facts and figures. I have no doubt the same applies to other railway and steamship agents throughout the city, but in this matter I only speak of what I know. This may look like an ad.; if so it is entirely immaterial to me. I do not imagine that I am more willing to speak well of him than any individual amongst the thousands he has ticketed to all parts of the world. I repeat that I do not wish my friends and readers to think me unwilling to hear inquiries or to answer questions; I am simply explaining that in pursuit of material for these columns and in following the foreign phases of a business which has helped to make SATURDAY NIGHT a success, I am necessarily often absent from Toronto, and not once, but a hundred times I have had to reproach myself for apparent neglect. So many of those who apply to me are invalids and those living out of Toronto who are unable when necessity demands to quickly procure the desired information, and the delay of a week or two so disarranges their plans, that I have given the source of my information and can but repeat that I will always be willing, with pleasure, to write and give my inquiries the benefit of whatever experience I may possess.

I give the following letter, written in response to my request, because it is so honest and natural, and reflects the quiet opinion of so many people who are not given to talking:

MY DEAR DON,—I address you thus familiarly because I feel I know you, I have been so long reading your human, commonplace and well written letters. Most of them are of such a nature as to go right to one's heart, and many cases, such as rebound into one's finger-ends, making them tingle with enthusiastic desire to go right off and warmly shake hands with the writer. Sometimes your sentiments I don't concur in, but those are in the minority. I was just aching to write you, and now take advantage of your invitation as given forth in your last SATURDAY NIGHT. Once before you invited correspondence, but fearing I could not write well enough to bother a busy newspaper man with my effusions, I kept putting it off until the opportunity passed by. This now presents itself, and here I go on a subject I feel some interest in but don't know a lot about. I claim to be a Christian politician, and as far as I can, am; but it is difficult at times to fuse the two. I generally vote as conscientiously as I can, and sometimes find it hard to decide, and confess that once in a while I had my vote to give, after I saw the result, I would record it the other way. Now this, in my opinion, is one reason why it is more difficult to get out a vote on political than religious questions.

Religion, or what we call religion, be it orthodox or otherwise, is a sentiment inborn in every human creature. Conceived in the heart, it grows outwardly; whether it develops into the true article as annunciated by our Saviour on the Mount, or the false or infirm, largely depends on our surroundings and education. Most men have some settled idea of religion, while on many political questions they are in doubt! Few are ready to recall a religious vote, and if they were they wouldn't admit it, while many would recall a political one the day after the poll closed—(more lacks of both sides excepted). Political opinion begins on the outside and grows inwardly, its centers being business, friendship, associations or self-interest, with here and there a dash of patriotism, while in some way wrapped up with religion is the mother, the wife, the sister, one's children and the parson. In a word, religion is in the heart; politics in the head. A man is a good deal like an arm anyway! He has got to be either driven from behind with a pointed stick or incited from before by holding a bundle of hay in front of his nose. In religious questions the foremost loved ones always furnish the pointed stick. It may have velvet on it to be sure, but it is there all the same, while in matters political the hay is not always in sight. The last local election is a case in point. The Griggs stayed at home, because they did not see that Elgie was in it, and was surprised when they found that he was—the Conservatives, because they saw nothing in it for them. Kent was said to be a decent sort of fellow, and those who knew him liked him well enough, but that is all there was to it.

The Sunday car question was a different matter! There you had something to talk about and it reached into the inner circle of every home; could be discussed at a Sunday school, at teachers' meetings, religious teas and church socials of every kind, and greatest of best, at the Sunday dinner table. Now, I have noticed particularly that to all questions which are, or are supposed to be, fit subjects to talk about at the Sunday dinner table, the people give a more spontaneous and certain answer. And why not? There, if ever, a question is discussed on its merits and with a sincere desire to pursue the right course. The voter goes forth from that home exalted with the idea that he is a man who knows his duty and is not afraid to do it. He feels pleasure at home and sees glory ahead in his act and it will be hard to buy his vote.

Again, it is very easy for a man to be sound in his politics and unsound in his religion, or vice versa. I know Billy Maclean; have read the *World* since its first issue. In the politics it is generally sound but its religion is bad—rather! If I read an article in the *World* which sounded truly religious I would go hunting round for the motive that dictated it, but on hearing a religious lecture from Mr. Sam Blake I would be seized with no such desire, yet politically I do not agree with Sam Blake.

Now I don't believe men are nearly so corrupt as they are made out to be. The habits we have got into of calling each other names is largely to blame for our bad characters. When men have fixed principles they will not easily sell out, but when a man is in doubt, when he does not see much difference between Pompey and Peto he does not feel that he does much wrong if he exacts from Pompey some



SCENE IN MUSKOKA.

deadly enemy of clean politics. If a community can be aroused, even if it be no oftener than once in four years, it is safe from dry rot and the ravages of a few professional politicians.

If here in Canada everybody would set apart three months and devote the time to politics and to enthusiastic discussion of political questions, overtopped as politics always are in the United States by the great cry of "Our country, the greatest nation on earth!" we would be better off. We can sit aside and criticize some of the compromise candidates who have been offered for the presidency, where personal greatness was set aside in favor of mediocrity—yet is not that the rule in almost every constituency in Canada? Our best men have to be hawked about from constituency to constituency in order to have a seat in Parliament; local feuds must be settled by compromise and when that compromise involves a candidate he must be a man without sharp corners, a man of no particular merit yet not offensive to the warring factions. I am not in sympathy with many of the Yankee methods, yet they can show a long line of presidents, few of whom have been tainted even by a charge of personal corruption or public indecency. Many of them have been men of noble character, brave and faithful, men well worthy of public place. It is idle and ineffectual for us to belittle the grand enthusiasm which creates the political storm of presidential year. It is the culmination of the education given to the children of the millions who were the fore-runners of the sixty-five millions of people now there. For over a hundred years the backbone of the republic has had itself stiffened on every Fourth of July by demonstrations and speech-making at the cities, villages and cross-roads the nation over. The preachers are not afraid to be politicians and they dare not be anything but national. No president has ever been nominated or elected on such small sectarian cries as pervade

bates are all in the mother tongue. The United States is the same; a change would be impossible. Here we are disturbed by dual language. Century upon century of bitter factional fight and glorious victory after glorious victory for liberty, have established in Great Britain a constitution which has been made inviolable by the battle fields which are still unforgotten, reminders of the victories that were won, the monuments still stand to the heroes who fought, instilling into the minds of youth the principles which have perfected the government. The United States, on the other hand, has its battle fields and its monuments together with its principles embodied in a constitution. We as Canadians have battle fields which the French esteem because they won victories over the English; we have battle fields which we prize because they echo back our victories over the French; we have our battle fields which recall our contests with one another, but we have nothing which apparently rouses the heart of every citizen and makes him faithful either to a written or an unwritten constitution. We cannot have the fidelity to the unwritten constitution until we have the age and experience which alone can make sacred and permanent a principle or set of principles. It requires centuries to fuse conflicting races into a homogeneous union. When we are as old as Great Britain our race troubles will be as nearly over as theirs are, but it excites the envy of the discontented in this new country to see race troubles have so small a share in politics as they have in the United States, where presidential nominees are not made because a man is a Methodist, or a Presbyterian, or a Roman Catholic, or an Anglican, or a German, or an Irishman, or an Englishman, or a Scotchman, or an Italian. The cry is for the best "American." We object to any citizens of a portion of the continent claiming this large title, yet we can respect the impulse which claims for its

knocks. Surely it is time for Canada to adopt the methods necessary to weld our Confederation into one patriotic whole. If we neglect this duty we are neglecting what we owe to the Empire and to ourselves. The youngest child alive to-day in Canada will never see this Dominion a part of the republic or severing its present bonds unless Great Britain absolutely refuses to be a Motherland in commercial reality as well as in name. Current events indicate, no matter how diplomatic politicians may deny the purpose of the Imperial authorities, that the colonies have been drawn nearer and that a proper colonial policy is under consideration, yet this does not make less imperative the duty of which I have spoken, that Canada must cement its own fragments in order to be a welcome and worthy member of the league of nations which, instead of belonging to Great Britain as at present, shall in the near future become a portion of the Greatest Empire that the earth has ever seen.

Would it not be possible for us in Canada to somehow settle amongst ourselves a written constitution more just than the British North America Act and more applicable to the exigencies of our condition than that nebulous affair? Such a constitution would make us safer as a permanent portion of the empire than so many of us are unalterably attached to, and yet to which many of our citizens pay no sentimental homage. This sort of thing, however, will never be brought about while our Dominion Day is the ragged end of the year, a meaningless absence from work, a hot-weather resting spell, a something which comes and goes marked by nothing more enthusiastic or soul stirring than a hired man's thankfulness for a wet day when he can sleep in the haymow.

I do not desire to have my friends and the readers of this column who frequently write to

return for the support he gives him. Look back over the history of this country! Has corruption ever decided any great question? It is true that when the Tories swept the Tories out after the Pacific scandal the Tories said the Tories bought their way in, and when the Tories swept the country on the National Policy the Tories could not find words bad enough to describe the corruption by which they said the Tories succeeded, but common-sense people know differently, and each party knew the other lied. This is the worst feature! We have too many liars amongst us! Radiate the liar, and especially the newspaper liar, and you have more than half-banished political corruption. Now, as I am tired and kind of played out, and it is getting late, my dear Don, I am going to stop right here. When I set out to write this letter I intended to re-write it and carefully press it, but have changed my mind and send it to you in all its crudeness and deformity. When you read it, if ever you do read it, you may possibly tear it up and throw it on the floor and stamp on the pieces, and perhaps you will swear and call the writer a fool. All right! Go ahead! I will be several blocks away and there will be no telephone connection.

Yours sincerely,
Monday night, May 30, 1892. WILLIAM HENRY.

Subscriptions to Fresh Air Fund.

Previously acknowledged.....\$ 2 25
Subscriber to Saturday Night..... 50
Best Wishes, Toronto..... 5
Kathleen & Gordon, Toronto..... 5
Jack Pot, Orangeville..... 7
Clerks, Canada Permanent L. & S. Co., 18
Charles Cookhouse & Co., Toronto..... 25
Total.....\$62 75

DEAR DON,—Noting in the last issue of SATURDAY NIGHT your remark that subscriptions to the Fresh Air Fund were coming in rather slowly, I proposed to the boys, the other night during a game, that we have a little rake off to help it along. You will therefore find enclosed the proceeds, \$7.00, to be devoted to that purpose. Yours,
JACK POT.

I am much obliged; the fund has taken on quite a boom. Do not let it stop. DON.

Social and Personal.

The social event of the week took place in St. James' Cathedral on Wednesday morning, the occasion being the marriage of Edward Campion Acheson and Miss Ella Gooderham, daughter of Mr. George Gooderham. As early as half-past ten a few ladies entered the great old Cathedral and selected the best positions for seeing the pretty pageant which was to pass in and out at one o'clock. Shortly after twelve every seat was taken, and the aisles were full to the door. The audience was composed almost entirely of ladies, with here and there an interested-looking gentleman. There was nothing to do but talk, admire the ushers, the white satin ribbon, and watch a couple of men arranging plants in the chancel. At half-past twelve precisely the great bell overhead boomed out a call to prayers, and Canon DuMoulin appearing in the chancel urged the congregation to be silent and reverent. Most of them hadn't come to prayers, but they were silent, and many of those present joined devoutly in petition and response. After the short service was over the guests began to arrive, and from that to ten minutes after one they came in an unbroken stream. The variety and brilliancy of the dresses worn was very noticeable. There were many beautiful costumes of pretty striped China silk. I counted as many as a score of leghorn hats, which in every case suited the pretty face underneath. Many of the ladies carried bunches of white lilies, which make up into the prettiest, most graceful bouquets imaginable. The ushers were Revs. J. E. Carter and Sedgewick of New York, and Messrs. McLaughlin, Bull and Ed. Cronyn. They had their hands full, but there was no hurry, all the guests passed quietly and gracefully to their places.

At ten minutes after one the bride entered on the arm of her father, Lohengrin's Wedding March pealed forth from the organ and every eye was bent on the pretty bowed head covered with the white veil. The bride was attired in a handsome dress of white gros grain silk, ornamented with orange blossoms and made with a court train. The front was covered with exquisite Venetian lace and the veil was fastened with a magnificent diamond star, presented by the bride's parents. She carried the prettiest bouquet I think I have ever seen, the contrast between the nodding bells of pure white lilies of the valley and the delicate green stalks was very beautiful. The maid of honor was Miss Violet Gooderham, sister of the bride. The other maids were Miss Maggie Gooderham, a cousin, Miss Mattie Lee, Miss Aileen Gooderham, a niece, and Miss Lily, the bride's sister. Misses Violet and Maggie Gooderham and Mattie Lee were dressed in apple green silk covered with cream spotted lace; they carried white lilies parasols and wore large leghorn hats trimmed with white roses and white and green ribbons. Misses Lily and Aileen were dressed in white crepe and moray ribbons and carried white lilies. The groom was supported by Mr. E. Carter of New York.

The ceremony was performed by Rev. Canon DuMoulin, assisted by Rev. Canon Sanson. Then the organist played Mendelssohn's Wedding March, the bridal party disappeared to sign the register, after which the procession formed and proceeded down the aisle, everyone gazing at the handsome, smiling faces of the bride and groom.

Those present in the church were: Mr. and Mrs. Gooderham, Mr. and Mrs. W. G. Gooderham, Mr. and Mrs. Ed. Gooderham, Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Gooderham, Mr. and Mrs. and the Misses C. H. Gooderham, Mr. and Mrs. R. Gooderham, Mr. Henry Gooderham, Mr. and Mrs. George Gooderham, Jr., Rev. Mr. and Mrs. Miss Blackstock, Mr. T. G. and Master Rose, Mr. and Mrs. Greenhalghs of Montreal, Mr. and Mrs. the Misses W. H. Beatty, Mrs. Smart, Rev. Canon Sanson, Rev. Canon, Mrs. and Miss DuMoulin, Dr. J. G. and Mrs. Hodgins, Mr. and Mrs. Ramsay, Mr. and Mrs. Harry Brock, Mr. and Mrs. James Roaf, Judge, Mrs. and Miss Falconbridge, Mr. and Mrs. Brouse, Mr. and Mrs. the Misses Charles Moss, Mrs. Thomas Moss, Mrs. Sam Blake and the Misses Blake, Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Blake, Mr. and Mrs. Moss, Mr. and Mrs. Edward Jacques, Mrs. Nixon, Mr. and Mrs. and the Misses W. E. Lee, Mrs. T. Lee, Mr. and Mrs. Cecil Lee, Mrs. and the Misses Taylor, Mr. Maurice Taylor, Principal and Mrs. Sheraton, Mr. and Mrs. R. Myles, Mr. Harry Mickie and Miss Mickie, Dr. and Mrs. Acheson, Mr. and Mrs. Thurston, Rev. E. C. and Mrs. Owen, Mrs. and the Misses Arthurs, Mr. and Mrs.

Coulson, Mr. and Mrs. Cosby, Mr. and Mrs. Wyld, Mr. and Mrs. Macdonald.

The carriages drove away amid the merry chiming of the bells. King street was thronged with people hoping for a passing glimpse of the fortunate couple. The reception and wedding breakfast were given in the handsome new residence, Waverley, at the corner of St. George and Bloor streets. The house was beautifully decorated with plants and flowers, and the wedding breakfast was prettily laid out, one large table being spread in the dining-room and small ones placed about the other rooms.

The happy couple left the house at four o'clock amid the cheers and congratulations of their friends, and left on the 4.55 train to spend a month in the Eastern States, after which they will go to their home in Middletown.

The Lieut. Governor and Mrs. Kirkpatrick will hold their first official reception at Government House on Wednesday, June 15, from 4 to 7.

The choir of St. Margaret's church, Spadina avenue, were treated to their annual supper on Wednesday evening, June 1, by the members of the Woman's Auxiliary and the Chancel Guild. The tables were laden with all the delicacies of the season, and the boys appeared to be indeed contented and happy. Everything passed off with the usual vim. The rector (Rev. R. J. Moore) occupied the chair, and was as usual in happy frame of mind. The first toast was The Queen, followed by the singing of the national anthem. Then The Parish of St. Margaret's was given and coupled with it the name of the Rev. Prof. Clark, the choir and the ladies. Prof. Clark received a prolonged ovation and made a suitable speech in reply. Mr. G. H. Land responded on behalf of the choir, and Mr. T. S. Hardy for the ladies. Rev. C. H. Shortt responded to the toast The Parish of St. Cyprian's, a rapidly growing congregation in the northern part of the city. The evening's engagement was closed at a late hour by all singing Auld Lang Syne.

A very successful affair was that held on Friday evening, June 3, at the residence of Mrs. Fred J. Lumsden of Metcalfe street, when a few of the friends of Mrs. C. W. Shaw (who is leaving for Vancouver, B. C.), assembled to bid her *bon voyage*. Amongst those present we noticed: The Misses Madge Bach and Lillie Clarkson, Mr. and Mrs. J. Hamilton, Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Blake, Mr. and Mrs. J. Irwin and Messrs. Percy Hook, Charles Thompson, J. Hucheson and H. Codd.

Mr. E. C. Arnoldi, who now resides in Spokane, W. T., visited Toronto last week on his way through to Montreal.

Mr. George Bruenech, who for the last six months has been living in Detroit, returned to Toronto last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Macrae have returned from their wedding trip and are now living at the Island for the summer.

Miss Alice Moyer of Berlin has been in the city for a few days, the guest of Mrs. William Ardagh of Seaton street.

Mrs. K. M. Moffatt, Mrs. Brophy and child and her mother, Mrs. Smith, are boarding at Trave Cottage, Port Hope. The Misses Hugel are also at the same house for the summer months.

Mrs. Byron Nicholson of Toronto will spend the summer at Quebec.

Mrs. J. A. Proctor of Grenville street is visiting her daughter, Mrs. Barritt of Denver, Colorado.

Mr. and Mrs. H. Dewart gave a pleasant progressive euchre party on Friday evening, June 3. Amongst those present were: Mr. and Mrs. Willison, Mr. and Mrs. Candee, Mr. and Mrs. Holmes, Mr. and Mrs. H. S. Mara, Miss Irene Gurney, Miss Eva Kennedy, Mrs. Glasgow, Miss Wells, Mr. and Mrs. Tackaberry, Miss Edith Robinson of Hamilton, Dr. E. Robinson, Mr. Henry Irving, Mr. McCrimmon, Miss Hall, Miss Lamport, Mr. E. Dewart and Mr. Horace Harvey.

Mrs. John Michie of London is visiting Miss Michie of Westholme.

Mr. Edmund Morris has returned for his summer vacation from New York, where he has been studying art during the past winter.

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas West sailed last week for England, where they will stay for three months.

Judge and Mrs. Burton and Mrs. Charles Ferguson leave this week for Europe.

In spite of the early hour, a large number of people gathered in Cooke's church on Tuesday morning, the occasion being the marriage of Rev. M. P. Talling, B.A., pastor of St. James' church of London, and Miss M. A. Cooper, daughter of Mr. Wm. Cooper, 148 Berkeley street, Toronto. The ceremony was performed by Rev. Wm. Patterson, assisted by Rev. Prof. Gregg, D.D., and Rev. J. Arnold Parsons, B.A., of Corry, Pa. Mr. W. E. Earl of the Earl Publishing House, St. John, N.B., supported the groom. During the ceremony Miss Carter played the Wedding March. The bride wore a traveling costume of fawn with brown trimmings and hat to match. The bridesmaid, Miss Kate T. Clarke, wore a dress of old rose with nile green trimmings, hat trimmed with Irish point lace, old rose and nile green. Each carried a bouquet of loose roses. The bride has long been a faithful worker in Cooke's church and was the recipient of many tokens of appreciation. A pleasant feature of the ceremony was the presentation to Mrs. Talling of a large family Bible, as this was the first wedding in the new church. It was presented by the Rev. Mr. Patterson and bears a suitable inscription. The young couple have gone east and will spend their honeymoon in St. John and Halifax.

Many of the ministers and prominent elders of the Presbyterian church left during the week for Montreal, where the General Assembly is being held. Amongst others are: the Rev. Drs. Caven, Reid, Gregg and MacLaren,

the Revs. Macdonnell and Milligan, the Hon. Justice MacLennan and Messrs. Hamilton Cassels and W. B. McMurich.

Many of the summer sojourners at the Island have already crossed the bay. Mr. and Mrs. Philip Dykes of the Merchants' Bank, Mr. Frank Hilton and family have gone to the Center Island, and Messrs. Colin Gordon and A. D. Crooks are at Mead's.

Mrs. G. M. Wrong and family, accompanied by Mr. Wyli Grier, left on Wednesday afternoon for *Maison Rouge*, Murray Bay, the summer residence of the Hon. Edward Blake.

Mrs. G. T. Blackstock's many friends will be glad to hear that within the last few weeks her health has much improved. The bright June days have made it possible for her to go out driving.

There was a merry throng at the Victoria Club on Friday night of last week. Although not so large a gathering as the ball of the week before, the gaiety and enjoyment seemed to be quite as great. The Queen's Own Band played splendidly for an hour or so, after which about ten o'clock dancing began in earnest. The universal opinion was that the Queen's Own Band are a success at dance music. The dancing was kept up with vim till a late hour. Amongst those present were: Major and Mrs. Cosby, Col. and Mrs. Davidson, Col. and Mrs. the Misses Dawson, Mr. and Mrs. J. K. Osborne of Brantford, Major and Mrs. Sankey, Mr. and Mrs. A. B. Cameron, Dr. and Mrs. Sprague, Mr. and Mrs. John Wright, Mr. and Mrs. Cecil Gibson, Mr. W. H. and Miss Bunting, the Misses Kingsmill, the Misses Grace and Amy Bulton, the Misses Seymour, Hon. L. M. and Mrs. Jones, Mrs. F. C. Moffatt, the Misses Lockhart, Mrs. H. D. P. Armstrong, Miss Bagg of Scotland, Miss McKay, the Misses Ruydery Boulton, Mrs. R. Thomson, Mr. Julian and Mrs. Myles, Col. and Mrs. Pemberton, Messrs. Pemberton, Mr. John Morrow, Lieut. Laurie, E. H. Bickford, Mr. C. N. and the Misses Shanly, Miss Seagram of Waterloo, Mrs. J. K. Kerr, the Misses Homer Dixon, Mr. W. D. and Mrs. Dickson, Mr. and Mrs. Reg. Lockhart, Messrs. Victor Armstrong, S. O. Jones, H. G. McMillan, the Misses Arthurs, Mrs. F. and the Misses Osler, Col. and the Misses Montzambert, Dr. Spillbury, Mr. and the Misses Henry Duggan, Mr. H. A. Drummond, Mr. and Mrs. John King, Mrs. R. Gamble, Mr. Stuart Morrison, Messrs. Cronyn.

Miss Helen Merritt of St. Catharines is visiting friends in Toronto.

Dr. and Mrs. Rutan of Napanee are the guests of Prof. Hirschfelder of Rosedale.

Mr. Frank H. Mason has been spending two weeks with his brother, Dr. R. Harrison Mason of Scarborough.

On Tuesday evening, June 7, the village of Eglinton was all astir in consequence of another festive occasion at Hilleide, the residence of Mr. A. H. Badgerow. His beautiful and accomplished daughter, Evelyn, was united in the joyous bonds of wedlock with Mr. Fred Mulholland. Everything was delightfully gay, many Chinese lanterns lent an air of Oriental grandeur to the scene while a profusion of sweet lilies and beautiful ferns added to the freshness of the surroundings. Rev. William Patterson of Cooke's church was the officiating minister. The bride wore a beautiful white satin gown with the usual veil and suggestive orange blossoms. A bouquet of white roses harmonized with the single ornament she wore—a fine diamond pin—the gift of the bridegroom. Her maids were Miss Lillian Mulholland and Miss Hattie Latter, who contrasted well in dresses of modest pink. The groomsmen were Mr. George Badgerow and Master Badgerow. The happy pair left after the ceremony for a tour of the principal cities in the United States. Amongst the guests were: Mrs. G. W. Badgerow, Mr. and Mrs. James C. McGee, Mr. and Mrs. Miss Hoskin, Mr. and Mrs. Marks, Dr. Foster, Mr. and Mrs. Higgins, Mr. and Mrs. Latter, Dr. Thistle, Mr. Duncan Coulson, the Misses Roger, Miss Ord, Mr. and Mrs. Sharpe, Mr. and Mrs. Miss Elwell, Mr. W. J. Darby, Mr. J. Sinclair, Mr. and Miss Bull of Brampton, Mr. and Mrs. Burnside, Mr. and Mrs. Dixon, Mr. and Mrs. A. McKinlay, Miss Dunbar, Mr. R. J. Gibson, Mr. and the Misses Jackes, Mr. and Mrs. Pack, Miss Harrison of Uxbridge, Mr. Stewart Marvin, Miss Sweetapple, Mr. and Mrs. Richie, Mr. and Mrs. Francis, Mrs. Henry, Mr. Walter Donaldson, Mrs. Wm. Mulholland, Mr. A. Mulholland and Mr. D. Mulholland.

On Monday evening last Mrs. George J. Mason of Harr Hall, Wellington street, gave a charming little musicale. The Misses Mason assisted in receiving and entertaining the guests. Those who contributed greatly to the pleasure of all by their delightful musical selections were: Mr. and Mrs. Willoughby Cummings, Mr. and Mrs. G. J. MacIntyre, Miss Laura Wise of Ottawa, Miss Stevenson of Guelph and Mr. T. Dockray. Others present were: Mr. and Mrs. J. Y. Mowat, Mr. E. and Miss Mortimer, Miss Patterson, Mr. W. Lincoln Hunter, Miss L. Ellerby, Mr. Beakham, Mr. Francis Evans, Miss Michie, Miss Effie Michie, Mr. C. Evans, Mr. V. Hucheson and Mr. C. Michie.

Miss Douglas has returned from Hamilton after a pleasant little visit.

Mrs. J. A. Graham has arrived from Winnipeg and is staying with her mother, Mrs. McDermid of Rosedale.

The Tourists' Club was at home to a number of friends on Friday evening, June 3, at the house of the president, 10 Walmer road. The At Home, which took the form of a topic party, was thoroughly enjoyed by those present.

Ex-Ald. James L. Morrison of 75 Winchester street and his daughters, Miss and Miss Lizzie Morrison, left the city on Monday last for an extended tour of the Eastern States, returning by way of Montreal and Ottawa. They will be away for a month or more.

Mrs. and Miss Patriarche of 249 College street have not left town, but will spend the summer months between their town residence and their summer cottage at St. Andrews-on-the-Lake.

The French Club held their final reunion Thursday evening, June 2, at Mrs. Tackaberry's residence, 575 Jarvis street. A delightful evening was spent and music and dancing indulged in. Amongst those present were: Mesdames Proctor, Macdonald, Chopite, Alkens, Graham, Fox, Tackaberry, Denison, Miles, Graham, Ellis, Hamilton, Brown, Howson, Alkens, Catto, Chopite, Wilkes, and Messrs. Bourlier, Catto, Rowan, Friedewald, Fox, Tackaberry, Thompson, Mrs. Graham, Alkens and several others.

A very quiet but pretty wedding took place at an early hour on Wednesday of last week at the Church of Our Lady of Lourdes, when Mr. Gus Berthon of the Confederation Life was united in matrimony to Mary, youngest daughter of the late Mr. T. McCarthy, H. M. C. The bride looked lovely in a traveling dress of fawn and blue. She was attended by her sister, Miss Isabel McCarthy, who looked charming in white and blue. Mr. Charles Dart acted as best man. Mr. and Mrs. Berthon left immediately after the ceremony on a short tour through the States. Only the immediate relatives were present on account of recent bereavements in both families.

Miss Kennedy of Beverley street gave a most enjoyable afternoon tea on Tuesday, May 31. The prevailing tone of the decorations was pink. Miss Kennedy was assisted by Mrs. Harton Walker, Mrs. Young, Miss Barnes and Miss Clara McClung. Amongst those present were: Mrs. Greig, Mrs. Warren, Mrs. Emory, the Misses Wilkes, Miss Orr and Mrs. McArthur of Berlin.

A large smoking party was given on Thursday evening, June 2, by Dr. Ryerson at his residence, College street, to the officers and members of the Association of Medical Officers of the Militia. All the officers of the Toronto garrison were invited to meet them. Amongst those present were: Lieut.-Colonel Dawson, A.D.C., and Major Mason, R.G.; Lieut.-Colonel Hamilton and Major Delamere, Q.O.R.; Lieut.-Colonel Davidson and Major Henderson and Macdonald, 48th Highlanders; Major Buchan, Captain Macdougall, and attached officers I. S. C., Capt. Casimir Dickson, Lieut. Peters and Dr. Grasset, G. G. B. G.; Lieut. Robt. Myles, T. F. B., Drs. Saunders of Kingston, Oliver and Warren of Niagara, McCrimmon of Palermo, Dr. Strange, president of the association, and about eighty others. Songs were contributed by Major Buchan, Lieut. Donald, Lieut. Chadwick, Capt. Mutton, Messrs. Warrington, Ramsay and others; Mr. Jarvis recited and Mr. Simpson gave a ventriloquistical entertainment which excited much merriment.

Last Friday the large, old-fashioned residence on the corner of Jarvis and Wellesley streets welcomed back Mr. and Mrs. John Taylor and their family, who have been traveling in Europe and England for the past ten or eleven months. Few Canadian families have had more extended opportunities for seeing the beautiful parts of the world than it has been the pleasure of Mr. John Taylor to afford his sons and daughters. With headquarters in Wiesbaden, Italy, Switzerland, Germany, France and England have been visited and as this is by no means the first voyage they have made they can be certainly classed as veteran travelers. Miss Taylor, Miss Leila and Miss Ethel have returned with faces browned by their final outing amongst their friends and at the watering-places of England, but in remarkably good health. Mrs. Taylor has added largely to her portfolio of sketches and the boys are full of their experience in German schools. The ex-alcman himself, relieved of the cares of business, which has been well managed in his absence by his son Maurice, is not unwilling to say that he also has had a very good time.

Mrs. Goldwin Smith gave the first of her Afternoons this season last Thursday. It was a repetition of the delightful afternoons of last year. The beautiful Grange grounds are at their best in June weather.

Miss McInnes of Hamilton is staying with Mrs. Stephen Howard.

Mrs. Chadwick of Howland avenue gave last night a most enjoyable theatrical evening. Miss Chadwick's play, Scandal, said to be exceedingly clever, was performed. The evening was brought to a close with dancing.

Miss Fanny Richardson of Jarvis street left the city on Tuesday for a visit to Detroit.

Mrs. Casgrain of Windsor has been staying in Toronto, the guest of Miss Castles. This is the first time she has visited the city since her marriage. Those who saw her during her brief visit think her as charming as ever.

(Continued on Page Eleven.)

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Summer Wear.

DRESSING-GOWNS are so pretty this season that one can scarcely distinguish them from tea-gowns. A new model—a counterpart of a gown made for the Princess of Wales—is of pink woollen stuff with white lace trimmings about the neck, a white hood frilled with lace, and a girde of silk cord. Breakfast jackets are being made of flowered deaine and flowered nainsook, trimmed with ribbons the exact shade of the pattern and Valenciennes lace.

A lovely summer cloak to wear over a silk dress at a race meeting—is made entirely of black lace, with large bishop sleeves and a ruffle of lace at the neck. It falls in loose and graceful folds back and front, and having no lining shows the shade of the dress beneath. You can imagine how a blonde beauty would look in such a garment. Another lovely lace cloak has a jet souave and trailing ends of jet passementerie arranged at the back in the same way as the ribbons that are now so fashionable. The sleeves are enormous and made of black brocade. Both cloaks reach to the feet.

There is much to be said in favor of the grace and elegance of the umbrella skirt, but I assure you it is not to be compared to the parasol skirt, which I hope will be fashionable before long, and which shall reach only to the knees. Seriously, it would be a benefit to womankind if a short skirt could be introduced before the summer holidays.

Heliotrope and pale blue is becoming a fashionable combination in evening dresses, and though it sounds odd it is really very pretty. The novelty in the make of evening dresses just now is chiefly in the sleeves, which show wonderful variety in shape and trimming. Elbow sleeves are often finished off with deep accordion-pleated frills of chiffon. A pretty ball gown is pale blue satin with a light garniture of primroses on the bodice. Yellow and pale blue is always pretty.

The prettiest French petticoat I have seen this season had little baskets of flowers thrown on a black silk ground, and was trimmed with a deep pinked-out flounce of pale green silk, another of pale pink a trifle shorter, and yet another of black lace. This last was run with three rows of bebe ribbon in three delicate shades to match the pattern of the silk, and ornamented here and there with bunches of ribbon loops. Among the newest petticoats are some made of rainbow-striped silk, trimmed with lace flounces and silk ruches. The shadow silks are also fashionable for petticoats, but the stiff, rustling silks are more popular than anything.

Some pretty black parasols I saw in a window had a *ruche* of lace round the edge with tiny white bows of ribbon at short distances. Others equally pretty had hand-painted borders of flowers and birds. The new handles are mostly of clematis wood and are dyed all sorts of shades. The parasol is elaborate, but not so elaborate as they make them. It is of silk applied with lace, with a flounce of chiffon and puffs of the same material up each seam. A stylish *entourage* is of black moire striped with white. Glace silks with changeable effects are very popular for smart parasols. They are usually trimmed with two deep flounces of shot chiffon.

In connection with that stately and entirely admirable social function, the formal dinner, there has not of late been added so seasonable and delightful an *entre course* as music. Happily, the craze for trifling and unimportant favors, menus, and extravagances of decoration in painfully original designs, has apparently passed away, and to the dinner-party has been lent of late an entirely gratifying dignity, grace and importance. Perfect service, delicate food, flowers not too abundant and with sufficient greenery, rich, simple dainties, splendid plate, glass and china, a gracious host and hostess, witty and grateful guests and gentle music—these are the elements of the perfect modern dinner. As the music must be gentle, that it may chime with the ring of conversation yet never interfere, and thereby soothe and not irritate, it is preferably produced by stringed instruments hidden a little distance from the open dining-room door behind a bower of palms. Zithers, with guitars, or zithers, mandolins and guitars are greatly in demand for dinner music. A subdued but gay chorus of banjos charmed many circles of dining guests, but a solo harpist lately found in this capacity great honors for his own abilities and his instrument's capacities. Encouraged just behind the dining-room door, he charmed the hostess and her friends by a discoursing of old melodies, minuets, gavottes of Marie Antoinette's day, strange minstrel airs and harmonies of Irish origin. In addition to the instrumental music for the gratification of guests during the meal, it is now the custom of most generous entertainers to provide music for the after hour in the drawing-room. A vocalist is preferred for this duty, and, unless the artist who provides this costly method of entertainment is included among the table guests, he or she appears in the drawing-room immediately the women have left the table. Economical hostesses not infrequently practice a bit of thrifty diplomacy by asking a dozen or more guests in for the post-prandial entertainment, thus getting credit for a *musical*.

LA MODE.

How a Bet Was Won.

PASSENGERS riding down town in a belt line street car the other morning saw one end of a large-sized practical joke. Two men who are in business on Front street entered the car and were eyed by all save one man who merely turned half round and then stared stolidly into vacancy. The tall new-comer spoke hurriedly to the short one and reminded him of a bet made a few days previously, that he (the tall man) could produce a more absent-minded man than was Mr. Blank.

"Well, what of it?"

"There's my man. He's the most pre-

occupied fellow I ever knew. Wait until we get down a piece further and then I'll step up, pick off his hat and we'll get out and walk down Queen, leaving him bare-headed. Will that win my bet if he doesn't miss his hat?"

"Get out! You wouldn't try that. He doesn't look like a man to take liberties with. Still, I won't be bluffed—go ahead, but mind, if he catches you at it I win the bet."

"All right."

The person of whom they spoke sat staring at nothing as fixedly as a dead herring. He was painfully, awfully preoccupied. When near the corner of Spadina and Queen the two men arose, the tall one stepped forward and picked off the stranger's hat, and with it in his hand jumped off the car followed by his friend. As they turned around on the sidewalk they saw the bare-headed man without shifting his gaze, dreamily scratch his head as though half-conscious of some unusual proceeding up there, a fly tickling him, or something of that sort. But his hand seemed to find it a false alarm and dropped down out of range of the dead-herring stare.

The bet was lost and won, but before the car reached King street the preoccupied man began to smile and next to chuckle and finally to laugh. Then he reached under the seat without any preoccupation of manner, drew a hat out of a paper bag, rolled the bag into a ball and hit a boy with it through the open window.

"Never made five dollars easier in my life—and the hat will be home before I will," he said as he jumped off and went whistling down a side street.

It is too bad to spoil a joke, but if this meets the eye of that short man who is in business on Front street he will know that he was made the victim of a put-up job.

ZEKE.

A Coming Man.

"To what high pitch has education, etc. (speech)." "YES," observed Mr. Struckile, as he leaned gracefully against a colonnade in the Rossin House with his thumbs in the armholes of his vest, a cigar between his teeth and his white beaver tilted far back on his head. "Yes, sir. Don't talk to me 'bout yer scarecrow aristocracy. No street I can buy out any half-dozen o' them. (Struckile has a Government contract for deepening mill streams). They put on confounded airs and think themselves above men what has riz themselves by their own united efforts. When I see a man what's dressed swell-like, wears his Sunday clothes every day, carries around a white overcoat and cuffs on his feet, I says to myself, 'Struckile, m' boy, don't be invidious o' them fellows. You've did well. Jest wait a few years an' y'll be able to knock their blamed society higher 'n a kite. They may scorn y' now, but scornin' don't hurt nobody.' What's yer society, anyway? Why, I could give away money t' the most o' them an' never miss it. Hold on now! Don't get excited. I ain't goin' to give you fellows any. I was only usin' that for a figger o' speech. Jest wait till I get my pallis built an' y'll see them doodles from the gubernatorial crowd comin' suckin' round for an invite. Where am I buildin' my pallis? Never you mind, my boys. A hundred thousand dollars fills the little bill an' don't y' forget it."

"Yes, siree, I'm goin' t' have the slickest little villis in this metropolis. Got one o' them landscape gardeners t' do up the flowers an' things. He says he's goin' t' plant a whole revenue o' trees up till the front door. Then y' see the cabin itself is to be hoisted in Queen Somebody or other's style with a piazarro right round it and an obscurity on the top as'll lick anythin' in the country, you bet. Struckile Lodge! Sounds nice, don't it? Say, boys, let's go and wet it."

HENRI B. SULLY.

She Believed Him.

Frederick—What's the matter, Cholly? You look bothered. Cholly—I am, me boy—troubled. "Ovah what?" "Ovah what?" "I have just been chatting to Miss DeTrop for an hour or so, feeling deevlish blue, don't you know. Just awfiah a little silence, you know, I said: 'Don't you know me thoughts are very painful, Miss DeTrop?' She looked up and said: 'I have always found them so.' And now, by Jove, what did she mean by that, now?"

Mixed Dates.

Poey (reaching for his side pocket)—Let me read you my new poem on Love. Poey—Don't you remember you read it to me last week? Poey (turning off with a sigh)—I only wrote it last night.

No Place for Ideas.

Reporter—I have an idea for a poem. Managing Editor—Well, put it in spirits and preserve it. An idea in a poem of the present epoch would queer the thing out of sight.

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Ladies' Black Parasols, satin, \$2, \$2.25, \$2.50.
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Ladies' Plain Black Silk and Wool Umbrellas, \$1.25, \$1.50, \$2, \$2.50, \$3.
Ladies' Long Handle Parasols, \$1, \$1.50, \$1.75, \$2.

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French Linen Lawn, 36 in., 75.
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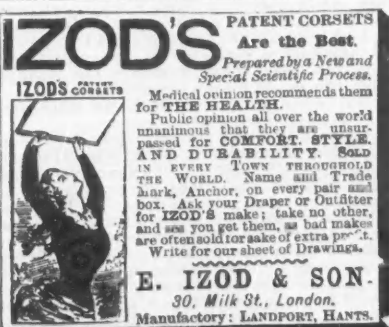
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In The Days of the Mutiny:

A MILITARY NOVEL.

BY G. A. HENTY,

Author of "The Curse of Carné's Hold," "A Hidden Foe," &c.

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CHAPTER XI.

That evening after dining alone, the doctor went in to Bathurst. The latter had already heard the news, and they talked it over for some time. Then the doctor said, "Have you seen Forster, Bathurst, since he arrived?"

"No, I was out when he left his card; I was at school with him. I heard when I was in England that he was out here in the native cavalry, but I have never run across him before, and I own I had no wish to do so. He was about two years older than I was, and was considered the cock of the school. He was one of my chief tormentors. I don't know that he was a bully generally, fellow who was really plucky seldom are, but he disliked me heartily, and I hated him."

"I had the habit of telling the truth when questioned, and he narrowly escaped expulsion owing to my refusing to tell a lie about his being quietly in bed when in fact he and two or three other fellows had been out at a public house. He never forgave me for it, for he himself would have told a lie without hesitation to screen himself, or to do him justice, to screen anyone else; and the mere fact that myself had been sent out in the matter, having been sent out by one of the bigger fellows, and, therefore, having got myself a flogging by my admission, was no mitigation in his eyes of the offence of what he called sneaking."

"So you may imagine how no particular desire to meet him, and how much he has greatly changed, he would do me a bad turn if he had the chance."

"I don't think he has greatly changed," the doctor said. "That was really what I came in here for this evening, rather than to talk about this Sepoy business. I am sorry to say, Bathurst, that when he was in at the major's to-day, your name happened to be mentioned, and he said at once: 'Is that the Bathurst who they say showed the white feather at Chillianwalla and led the army in consequence?'"

Bathurst's face grew pale and his fingers closed. He remained silent a minute and then said: "It does not matter; she would have been sure to hear it sooner or later, and I should have told her myself if he had not done so; besides, if, as I said, this Berhampore business is the beginning of trouble, and of such trouble as we have never had since we set foot in India, it is likely that every one will know what she knows now. Has she spoken to you about it? I suppose she has, or you would not have known that he mentioned it."

"Yes, she was most indignant about it, and did not believe it."

"And what did you say, doctor?" he asked indignantly.

"Well, I was sorry I could not tell her exactly what he told me. It would have been better if I could have done so. I simply said there were many sorts of courage, and that I was sure that you possessed many sorts in a very high degree, but I could not, of course, deny, although I did not admit the truth of the report he had mentioned."

"I don't think it makes much difference one way or the other," Bathurst said wearily. "I have known all along that Isobel Hannay would not marry a coward, only I have gone on living in a fool's paradise. However, it is over now, the sooner it is all over the better."

"My dear fellow," the doctor said earnestly, "don't take this thing too much to heart. I don't wish to try and persuade you that it is not a grave misfortune, but even suppose this trouble takes the very worst form possible, I do not think you will come so very badly out of it as you anticipate. Even assuming that you are unable to do your part in absolute fighting, there may be other opportunities and most likely will, in which you may be able to show that although unable to control your nerves in the din of battle, you possess in other respects coolness and courage. That feat of yours of attacking the tiger with the dog-whip shows conclusively that under many circumstances you are capable of most daring deeds."

Bathurst sat looking down for some minutes. "God grant that it may be so," he said at last; "but it is no use talking about it any more, doctor. I suppose Major Hannay will keep a sharp look-out over the men."

"Yes, there was a meeting of the officers this afternoon. It was agreed to make no outward change, and to give the troops no cause whatever to believe that they are suspected. They all feel confident of the good will of the men; at the same time they will watch them closely, and if the news comes of further trouble, they will prepare the court-house as a place of refuge."

"That is a very good plan; but, of course, everything depends upon whether, if the troops do rise in mutiny, the people of the place join them. They are a fighting race, and if they should throw in their lot against us the position would be a desperate one."

"Well, there is no doubt," the doctor said, "that the Rajah of Bithoor would be with us; that will make Cawnpore safe, and will largely influence all the great Zemindars, though there is no doubt that a good many of them have been sulky ever since the disarmament order was issued. I believe there are few of them who have not cannon hidden away or buried, and as for the people, the number of arms given up was as nothing to what we know they possessed. In other parts of India I believe the bulk of the people will be with us; but here in Oude, our last annexation, I fear that they will side against us, unless all the great landowners range themselves on our side."

"As far as I can see," Bathurst said, "the people are contented with the change. I don't say what I may call the professional fighting class, the crowd of retainers kept by the great landowners, who were the cause of the fighting against each other. Annexation has put a stop to all that, and the towns are crowded with these fighting men, who hate us bitterly; but the peasants, the tillers of the soil, have benefited greatly. They are no longer exposed to raids by their powerful neighbors, and they cultivate their fields in peace and quiet. Unfortunately their friendship, such as it is, will not weigh in the slightest degree in the event of a struggle. At any rate, I am sure they are not behind the scenes, and know nothing whatever of any coming trouble. Going, as I do, among them, and talking to them as one of themselves, I should have noticed it had there been any change in them; and of late naturally I have paid special notice to their manner. Well, if it is to come, I hope it will come soon, for anything is better than suspense."

Two days later Major Hannay read out to the men on parade an official document, assuring them that there was no truth whatever in the statements that had been made that the cartridges served out to them had been greased with pig's fat. They were precisely the same as those that they had used for years, and the men were warned against listening to seditious persons who might try to poison their minds and shake their loyalty to the Government. He then told them that he was sorry to say that at one or two stations the men had been foolish enough to listen to disloyal councils, and that in consequence the regiments had been disbanded and the men had forfeited all the advantages in the way of pay and pension they had earned by many years of good conduct. He said that he had no fear whatever of any such trouble arising with them, as they knew that they had been well treated, that any legitimate complaint they might make had always been attended to, and that their officers had their welfare thoroughly at heart.

When he had finished the senior native officer stepped forward and in the name of the detachment, assured the major that the men were perfectly contented and would in all cases follow their officers, even if they ordered them to march against their countrymen. At the conclusion of his speech, he called upon the troops to give three cheers for the major and officers, and this was responded to with a show of great enthusiasm.

This demonstration was deemed very satisfactory and the uneasiness among the residents abated considerably, while the major and his officers felt convinced that whatever happened at other stations, there would at least be no trouble at Deennaghur.

"Well, even you are satisfied, doctor, I suppose," the major said, as a party of them who had been dining with Dr. Wade were smoking in the veranda.

"I was hopeful before, major, and I am hopeful now, but I can't say that to-day's parade has influenced me in the slightest. Whatever virtues the Hindus may have, he has certainly got the habit of knowing how to get out of what took place, that they have no intention of breaking out at present; whether they are waiting to see what is done at other stations, or until they receive a signal, is more than I can say; but their assurances do not weigh with me to the slightest extent. The story is full of cases of perfidious massacre. I should say 'trust them as long as you can, but don't relax your watch.'"

"You are a confirmed croaker," Captain Rintoul said.

"I don't think so, Rintoul. I know the men I am talking about and I know the Hindus generally. They are mere children and can be moulded like clay; as long as we had the moulding all went well, but if they fall into the hands of designing men they can be led in another direction just as easily. We have led them in ours. I own that I don't see how we can be sufficiently interested in the matter to conceive and carry out a great conspiracy of this kind. The King of Oude is a captive in our hands, the King of Delhi is too old to play such a part. Scindia and Holkar may possibly long for the power their fathers possessed, but they are not likely to act together, and may be regarded as rivals rather than friends, and yet if it is not one of these who has been brewing this storm, I own I don't see how it can be the bottom of it, unless it has really originated from some ambitious spirits among the Sepoys, who look in the event of success to being masters of the destinies of India. It is a pity we did not get a few more views from that juggler; we might have known a little more of it then."

"Don't talk about him, doctor," Wilson said.

"It gives me the cold shivers to think of that fellow and what he did; I have hardly slept since then. It was the most creepy thing I ever saw. Richards and I have talked it over every evening we have been alone together, and we can't make head or tail of the affair. Richards thinks it wasn't the girl at all who went up on that pole, but a sort of balloon in her shape. But then, as I say, there was the girl standing among us before she took her place on the pole. We saw her sit down and settle herself on the cushion so that she was balanced right. So it could not have been a balloon then, and if it were a balloon afterwards, when did she change? At any rate the light below was sufficient to see well until she was forty or fifty feet up, after that she shone out, and we never lost sight of her until she was ever so high; I can understand the pictures, because there might have been a magic lantern somewhere, but that girl trick, and the basket trick, and that great snake are altogether beyond me."

"So I should imagine, Wilson," the doctor said dryly, "and if I were you I would not bother my head about it. Nobody has succeeded in finding out any of them yet, and all the wondering in the world is not likely to get you any nearer to it."

"That is what I feel, doctor, but it is very riling to see things that you can't account for anyhow. I wish he had sent up Richards on the pole instead of the girl. I would not have minded going up myself if he had asked me, though I expect I should have jumped off before it got up very far, even at the risk of breaking my neck."

"I should not mind risking that," the doctor said, "though I doubt whether I should have known any more about it when I came down; but these jugglers always bring a girl or a boy with them instead of calling somebody out from the audience, as they do at home. Well, if things are quiet we will organize another hunt, Wilson. I have heard of a tiger fifteen miles away from where we killed our last one, and Richards shall go with me if you like."

"I should like it of all things, doctor, provided it comes off by day. I don't think I care about sitting through another night on a tree, and then not getting anything like a fair shot at the beast after all."

"We will go by day," the doctor said. "Bathurst has promised to get some elephants from one of the Zemindars; we will have a regular party this time. I have half promised Miss Hannay she shall have a seat in a howdah with me if the major will give her leave, and in that case we will send out tents and make a regular party of it. What do you say, major?"

"I am perfectly willing, doctor, and have certainly no objection to trusting Isobel to your care. I know you are not likely to miss."

"No, I am not likely to miss, certainly; and besides, there will be Wilson and Richards to give him the *coupe de grace* if I don't finish him."

There was a general laugh, for the two subalterns had been chaffed a good deal at both missing the tiger on the previous occasion.

"Not just at present, at any rate," the major said. "We must see how things are going on. I certainly should not think of going outside the station now, nor could I give leave to any officer to do so; but if things settle down and we hear more of that cartridge business for the next ten days or a fortnight, we will see about it."

But although no news of any out-break similar to that at Barrackpore was received for some days, the reports that came showed a wide-spread restlessness, and various rumors all over India, fires, believed to be the work of incendiaries, took place, and there was little abatement of the uneasiness. It became known, too, that a native officer had before the rising of Berhampore given warning of the mutiny, and had stated that there was a wide-spread plot throughout the native regiments to rise, kill their officers, and then march to Delhi, where they were all to gather.

The story was generally disbelieved, although the actual rising had not yet taken place. The report was well founded; still, men could not bring themselves to believe that the troops among whom they had lived so long and who had fought so long for them could meditate such gross treachery, without having, as far as could be seen, any real cause for complaint.

The conduct of the troops at Deennaghur was excellent, and the colonel wrote that at Cawnpore there were no signs whatever of disaffection, and that the Rajah of Bithoor had offered to come to the head of his own troops should there be any symptoms of mutiny among the Sepoys. Altogether things looked better, and a feeling of confidence that there would be no serious trouble spread through the station.

The weather had set in very hot, and there was an stirring out now for the ladies between

eleven o'clock and five or six in the afternoon. Isobel, however, generally went in for a chat the first thing after early breakfast, with Mrs. Doolan, whose children were fractious with prickly heat.

"I only wish we had some big, high mountain, my dear, somewhere within reach, where we could establish the children through the summer and run away ourselves occasionally to look after them. We are very badly off here in Oude for that. You are looking very pale yourself the last few days."

"I suppose I feel it a little," Isobel said, "and of course this anxiety everyone has been feeling, worries one. Everyone seems to agree that there is no fear of trouble with the Sepoys here; still, as nothing else is talked about, one cannot help feeling nervous about it. However, as things seem settling down now, I hope all will be quiet and something else to talk about."

"I have not seen Mr. Bathurst lately," Mrs. Doolan said presently.

"Nor have we," Isobel said quietly; "it is quite ten days since we saw him last."

"I suppose he is falling back into his hermit ways," Mrs. Doolan carelessly, shooting a keen glance at Isobel, who was leaning over one of the children.

"He quite emerged from his shell for a bit. Mrs. Hunter was saying she never saw a change in a man. I suppose he is getting tired of it. Captain Forster arrived just in time to fill up the gap. How do you like him, Isobel?"

"He is amusing," the girl said quietly; "I have never seen any one quite like him before. He talks and acts, please me, in a way, and tells most amusing stories. Then, when he sits down by one he has the knack of dropping his voice and talking in a confidential sort of way, even when it is only about the weather. I am always asking myself how much of it is real, and what there is under the surface."

"Mrs. Doolan nodded approval.

"I don't think there is much under the surface, dear, and what there is is just as well left alone; but there is no doubt he can be delightful when he chooses, and very few women would not be flattered by the attentions of a man who is said to be the handsomest officer in the Indian army, and who has besides distinguished himself several times as a dashing officer."

"I don't think handsomeness goes for much in my eyes," Isobel said shortly.

Mrs. Doolan laughed.

"Why should it not go for as much as prettiness in a woman? It is no use being cynical, Isobel; it is part of our nature to admire pretty things, and as far as I can see an exceptionally handsome man is as legitimate an object of admiration as a lovely woman."

"Yes, to admire, Mrs. Doolan, but not to like."

"Well, my dear, I don't want to be hurrying you away, but I think you had better get back to the school. You may say you don't feel the heat much, but you are looking pale and fagged, and the less you are out in the sun the better."

Isobel had indeed been having a hard time during those ten days. At first she had thought of little else but what she should do when Bathurst called. It seemed impossible that she could be exactly the same with him that she had been, that was quite out of the question; and yet how was she to be different?

Ten days had passed without his coming. This was unusual, that an idea came into her mind which terrified her, and the first time when the doctor came in and found her alone she said: "Of course, Dr. Wade, you have not mentioned Mr. Bathurst the conversation we had, but it is curious his not having been here since."

"Certainly I mentioned it," the doctor said calmly; "how could I do otherwise? It was evident to me that he would not be welcomed here as he was before, and I could not do otherwise than warn him of the change he might expect to find, and to give him the reason for her since."

Isobel stood the picture of dismay. "I don't think you had any right to do so, doctor," she said. "You have placed me in a most painful position."

"In not so painful a position as it would have been, my dear, if he had noticed the change himself, as he must have done, and asked for the cause of it."

Isobel stood twisting her fingers over each other, and she said to herself:

"But what am I to do?" she asked.

"I do not see that there is anything more for you to do," the doctor said. "Mr. Bathurst may not be perfect in all respects, but he is certainly too much of a gentleman to force his visits upon you. He will wait until you are ready to see him, and he will not come here so much would create comment and talk in the station, which would be as painful to you as to him, but he certainly will not come here more often than is necessary to keep up appearances."

"I don't think you ought to have told him," Isobel replied, much distressed.

"I could not help it, my dear. You would force me to admit there was some truth in the story Captain Forster told you, and I was therefore obliged to admit the matter. He would have had just cause to reproach me. Besides, you spoke of despising a man who was not physically brave."

"You never told him that, doctor, surely you never told him that?"

"I only told him that it was necessary he should know, my dear, namely, that you had heard the story, that you had questioned me, and that I, knowing the facts from his lips, admitted that there was some foundation for the story, while asserting that I was convinced that he was morally a brave man, and would not ask how you took the news, nor did I volunteer any information whatever on the subject, but he understood, I think, perfectly, the light in which you would view a coward."

"I don't think you ought to have told him," Isobel said pitifully.

"I should say that you will meet just as ordinary acquaintances do meet, Miss Hannay. People are civil to others they are thrown with however much they may distrust them. Mr. Bathurst will make no allusion whatever to the matter. I think I can answer for it that you will see no shade of difference in his manner. This has always been a heavy burden for him, as even the most careless observer may see in his manner the slightest shadow of his large addition to it, but I dare say he will pull through; and now I must be off."

"You are very unkind, doctor, and I never knew you to be unkind before."

"Unkind!" the doctor repeated, with an air of surprise. "What way? I am the young fellow, I had cherished hopes for him that he hardly perhaps ventured to cherish for himself. I quite agree with you that what has passed has annihilated those hopes. You despise a man who is a coward. I am not surprised at that. Bathurst is the last man in the world who would force himself upon a woman who despised him. I have done my best to save you from being obliged to make a personal declaration of your sentiments. I repudiate altogether the accusation of being unkind. I don't blame you in the slightest. I think that your view is the one that a young woman of spirit would naturally take. I acquiesce in it entirely. I will go further, I consider it a most fortunate occurrence for you both that you found it out in time."

Isobel's cheeks had flushed and paled several times while he was speaking, then she pressed her lips tightly together and, as he finished, she said, "I think, doctor, it will be just as well not to discuss the matter further."

"I am quite of your opinion," he said. "We will agree not to allude to it again. Good-bye."

And then Isobel had retired to her room and cried passionately, while the doctor had gone off chuckling to himself as if he were perfectly satisfied with the state of affairs.

During the week that he had since elapsed, the major had wondered and grumbled several times at Bathurst's absence.

"I expect," he said one day when a note of refusal had come from him, "that he doesn't

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care about meeting Forster. You remember Forster said they had been at school together, and from the tone in which he spoke it is evident that they disliked each other there. No doubt he has heard from the doctor that Forster is frequently in here, and the major spoke rather irritably, for it seemed to him that Isobel showed more pleasure in the captain's society than she should have done after what he had said to her about him; indeed, Isobel, especially when the doctor was present, appeared by no means to object to Captain Forster's attentions.

Upon the evening, however, of the day when Isobel had spoken to Mrs. Doolan, Bathurst came in, rather late in the evening.

"How are you, Bathurst?" the major said cordially. "Why, you have become quite a stranger. We haven't seen you for over a fortnight. Do you know Captain Forster?"

"We were at school together formerly, I believe," Bathurst said quite quietly.

Not much since and I fancy we are both changed beyond recognition."

Captain Forster looked with surprise at the strong, well-knit figure. He had not before seen Bathurst and had pictured him to himself as a weak, puny man.

"I certainly should not have known Mr. Bathurst," he said. "I have changed a great deal, no doubt, but he has certainly changed more."

There was no attempt on the part of either to shake hands. As they moved apart, Isobel came into the room.

A quick flash of color spread over her face when upon entering she saw Bathurst talking to her uncle. Then she advanced, shook hands with him as usual, and said: "It is quite a time since we were here, Mr. Bathurst. If everyone was as full of business as you are, we should get on badly."

Then she moved on without waiting for a reply and sat down, and was soon engaged in a lively conversation with Captain Forster, while Bathurst a few minutes later, pleading that as he had been in the saddle all day he must go and make up the lost time, took his leave.

Captain Forster had noticed the flush on Isobel's cheeks when she saw Bathurst, and had drawn his own conclusions.

"There has been a flirtation between them," he said to himself, "but I fancy I have put a spoke in his wheel. She gave him the cold shoulder, unmistakably."

April passed, and as matters seemed to be quieting down, there being no fresh trouble at any of the stations, the major told Dr. Wade that he really saw no reason why the projected tiger hunt should not take place. The doctor at once took the matter in hand, and drove out the next morning to the village from which he had received news about the tiger, had a long talk with the shikaris of the place, took a general view of the country, settled the line in which the beat should take place, and arranged for a large body of beaters to be on the spot at the time agreed on.

Bathurst undertook to obtain the elephants, from two Zemindars in the neighborhood who promised to furnish six, all of which were more or less accustomed to the sport; while the major and Mr. Hunter, who had been a keen sportsman, although he had of late given up the pursuit of large game, arranged for a number of bullock-carts for the transport of tents and stores.

Bathurst himself declined to be one of the party, which was to consist of Mr. Hunter and his eldest daughter, the major and Isobel, the doctor, the two subalterns, and Captain Forster. Captain Doolan said frankly that he was no shot, and more likely to hit one of the party than the tiger. Captain Rintoul at first accepted, but his wife shed such floods of tears at the idea of his leaving her and going into danger, that for the sake of peace he agreed to remain at home.

Wilson and Richards were greatly excited over the prospect and talked of nothing else; they were burning to wipe out the disgrace of having missed on the previous occasion. Early in the morning the doctor privately, and implored him to put them in a position where they were likely to have the first shot. Both used the same arguments, namely, that the doctor had killed so many tigers that one more or less could make no difference to him, and if they missed, which they modestly admitted was possible, he could still bring the animal down.

As the doctor was always in a good temper when there was a prospect of sport, he promised each of them to do all that he could for them, at the same time pointing out that it was always quite a lottery which way the tiger might break out.

Isobel was less excited than she would have thought possible over the prospect of taking part in a tiger hunt. She had many consultations to hold with Mrs. Hunter, the doctor and Ramzan, as to the food to be taken, and the things that would be absolutely necessary for camping out; for, as it was possible that the first day's beat would be unsuccessful, they were to be prepared for at least two days' absence from home. Two tents were to be taken, one for the gentlemen, the other for Isobel and Mary Hunter. These, with bedding and camp furniture, cooking utensils and provisions were to be sent off at daybreak, while the party were to start as soon as the heat of the day was over.

"I wish Bathurst had been coming," Major Hannay said, as with Isobel by his side he drove out of the cantonment. "He seems to have slipped away from us altogether, he has only been in once for the last three or four weeks. You haven't had a tiff with him about anything, have you, Isobel? It seems strange his ceasing so suddenly to come after our seeing so much of him."

"No, uncle, I have not seen him except when you have. What put such an idea into your mind?"

"I don't know, my dear, young people do have tiffs sometimes about all sorts of trifles, though I should not have thought that Bathurst was the sort of man to do anything of that

sort. I don't think that he likes Forster, and does not care to meet him. I fancy that is at the bottom of it," Isobel said innocently, and changed the subject.

It was dark when they reached the appointed spot, and indeed from the point where they left the road a native with a torch had run ahead to show them the way. The tents looked bright; two or three large fires were burning round them, and the lamps had already been lighted within.

"These tents do look cosy," Mary Hunter said, as she and Isobel entered the one prepared for them. "I do wish one always lived under canvas during the hot weather."

"They look cool," Isobel said, "but I don't suppose they are really as cool as the bungalows; but they do make them comfortable. Here is the bathroom ready, and I am sure we want it after that dusty drive. Will you have one first, or shall I? We must make haste, for Ramzan said dinner would be ready in half an hour. Fortunately we shan't be expected to do much in the way of dressing."

The dinner was a cheerful meal, and everyone was in high spirits.

The tiger had killed a cow the day before,

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THE TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT

EDMUND E. SHEPPARD - Editor.

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Importing Waifs.

At the last meeting of the Walpole Township Council a resolution was passed providing that a person named Lawson be returned to the Evans Home in Hamilton, accompanied by a protest against making Ontario a dumping ground for the indigents of the old world. It seems strange that year in and out such protests should be made in vain, and that the flow of indigent adults and vicious youths to this country should be allowed to continue and swell. In the absence of any other explanation of the apathy of the Government in this matter, it might be reasonably suggested that Dr. Barnardo, Miss Rye and imitators are allowed free scope in their traffic, because any living human thing counts one in the census, and while first-class emigrants in part may drift across to the States, the other kind stays right with us, their further progress being restrained by absence of energy or by the useful presence of reformatories, prisons and poorhouses. A thin man may grieve because of his gaunt visage yet find no cause for pleasure in a neuragic swelling on his jaw, and so with these pestilential additions to our population. They add fulness to our outline, but feverish diseases to our blood and system. Those engaged in transplanting the vice and sloth of Europe to the newer soil of Canada profess to believe they are improving both gardens, as though the changing of a burdock plant from a fence corner into a conservatory would cause it to blossom into a chrysanthemum. This is an exact illustration of their work. They go out among the weeds and poisonous growths of London, plucking with gauntleted hand the most troublesome sprouts and claim to be doing a charitable work in freeing the neighborhood of its worst menace, and then they come here with what they have gathered, and lo! the menace of England is considered a sweet bouquet of rare human exotics, the hope and salvation of Canada. Surely the idea that climate exerts an influence upon vice has had a set-back in the example of Deeming, who committed atrocious murders in two hemispheres and scented, by the record of his travels, to have scoured unknown oceans in quest of a third hemisphere to pollute with his devilish presence. Yet no other pretense has been or can be set up than that climate and new surroundings alter the course of these fellows' lives, for the training they secure is too brief to reconstruct them. They are induced to leave their haunts only by the most glittering promises of opportunities to grow rich abroad, and when their combustible ignorance is set aflame in this way they are fit for nothing when confronted with the realities of life here. They find that an empty stomach feels just as disagreeable in this wooden country as it did in the Whitechapel neighborhood, and when this harrowing truth is impressed upon them they revert to old expedients for relief. To be sure during their brief stay at the Home they were instructed to pray for that of which they felt in need, but to them this seems an unknown and improbable experiment and early experience and family tradition remind them that stealing is the quickest and surest means of relief. They reflect too that a loaf once eaten cannot be detected by the most vigilant eye, and even though its location should be betrayed by stray crumbs leading to its place of hiding like criminal footprints, yet it cannot be recovered by any process of law.

Dismissing the question of the ineradicable worthlessness of these youngsters, taken on the average, which some do not admit at all, there are other weighty considerations. Anybody who sees the two hundred occupants of the Orphans' Home on Dovercourt road parading to church on Sabbath, must see injustice in subjecting this institution to such competition as it meets. In an English paper the other day it was stated that there are one thousand children born every year in the workhouses of London alone. Canada cannot pretend to relieve the pressure of pauperism in the old land; it will be doing more than any other country has ever done if it cares for its own paupers as they should be cared for—if it finds homes for its own orphans, if it gives them a smattering of education and a chance in life. Nothing more should be asked of this country and nothing more should be attempted. There is likelihood of failure even in this. The United States, great and prosperous as they are, have allowed a vast bulk of pauperism to accumulate. Charity has not kept pace with the demands upon it. In Canada the machinery of life is mercilessly tossing orphans aside as useless material in the great web it is weaving, and if charity has not its hands full in restoring those to place the reason must be ascribed to neglect, not to lack of opportunity. Then why should the Orphans' Home and the Girls' Home and similar institutions which have difficulty in securing support and in caring for those deserving care, and in finding places for those ready to graduate into the outside world—why should the children in these institutions be shunted aside by imported waifs?

Those engaged in this peculiar industry, which they are pleased to call a work, not of business, but of philanthropy, were greatly incensed at an article of mine in a daily paper last summer, in which reference was made to the number of these boys who found all the comforts and securities of home in our reformatories and prisons. I was malicious and un-

truthful, they said. Since then I have kept a sort of score book or Catalogue of Crimes by Imported Orphans. A more experienced compiler would have kept this record in better shape than it now is, but experience will make it more complete and instructive by next summer. Only such cases are set down as happen to be mentioned in newspapers passing through my hands, but already note has been made of one murder, one of "supernatural manifestations" that alarmed the countryside, several of theft and desertion and several of desertion without theft. This record is merely being started, and hereafter will be carried along more carefully, giving the name of the importer in each case and such further particulars as may be obtained with a little effort, and a year from today it will be published if anyone desires to read it and place it before the Government.

MACK.

The Drama.

THE Shakespeare Club and the Ontario College of Oratory gave an entertainment before a large and appreciative audience in the Pavilion on Friday evening, June 3. Mr. Fraser Evans' oration on Our Country was a careful treatment of a grand subject, though somewhat weak in parts; his earnest appeal for a higher patriotism, which would lift Canadians above narrow party views, called forth hearty and well deserved applause. The recitations given by Miss M. Williams, Miss M. Bayne, Miss F. Denby and Miss E. Sutherland were of a high order, although slightly marred in places by indistinctness of articulation; these ladies showed that they possess the essential powers of modulation, and assimilation of character. Miss F. Martin as Lady Macbeth and Mr. H. Martin as Macbeth are to be congratulated on the manner in which they rendered the characters they assumed, also Mrs. Wesley Corley's portrayal of Julia, torn by love, anger and pride, was admirable. In the lending and court scenes from the Merchant of Venice, Mrs. W. E. Blackhall, Miss F. Martin, Prof. F. J. Brown, Mr. J. P. Macdormott, Mr. Yorke Brown, Mr. R. Y. Douglas and Mr. J. F. Evans of the Shakespeare Club well sustained their various roles, but in several places too rapid speaking resulted in imperfect enunciation. Prof. F. J. Brown as Shylock well deserved the hearty applause which his clever acting called forth. Miss F. Martin's Portia was a well sustained effort throughout, but her manner of saluting the duke was decidedly modern, while Basanio committed the grave offence of turning his back on the audience on two occasions when addressing Antonio, which somewhat detracted from his conscientious portrayal of the character. The music supplied by the Grand Opera House Orchestra, under the able direction of Prof. Timpson, was a great treat. The overture during the interval, which included a xylophone solo, was immensely appreciated and had to be repeated.

Esmeralda was presented by the St. Alphonsus' Club at the Academy of Music last Friday night. Had it been given earlier in the season it would have drawn a better house, although the attendance was fair and the feeling one of satisfaction. With S. H. Clark as elocutionary instructor, Harry W. Rich as stage manager and a play of proven merits, nothing but success would be possible. Esmeralda had these advantages Friday night. In the play two fond hearts are severed through the poverty of the hero and the heroine is about to be bartered by a calculating mamma to a French marquis for the wealth and title, when suddenly iron ore is discovered on the hero's farm and he is rich. You would just think iron ore had a heart of its own and sympathized with true love, or that it had a cue and came on the scene when summoned by the heroine's sob, so opportune is its appearance. French noblemen, moreover, according to the playwright, appear to be all old, mean and unmarried, looking for young wives as rapaciously as so many Bluebeards might. As Old Man Rogers, Mr. J. J. McKitterick showed a very good conception of his part, creating much amusement and being ably assisted by his wife, Miss Annie Cummings. Miss Eva Ward and Mr. William Barron in the leading roles did very well under the many trying situations of the piece. As the Marquis, J. G. O'Donoghue was good, also Miss O'Donoghue and Miss Fanny Pringle were sweet Desmond sisters, and the others made the best of their parts. Unless a critic approached this presentation in a harsh spirit he could find little to object to, and therefore I say it is rather unfortunate the performance was not dated earlier in the year.

DRAMATIC NOTES.

The Irish capital will be en fête the week commencing July 4, when the tercentenary of Trinity College, Dublin, will be celebrated by a representative gathering of the universities of the world. For the dramatic performances Mr. Edward Compton has been unanimously chosen.

It will be recalled that Mr. Gladstone left the House of Commons one night last week while the Irish local government bill was being discussed, and betook himself to the Garrick Theatre where, sitting in the wings, he enjoyed the presentation of A Fool's Paradise, in which Mr. John Hare, the manager of the theatre, takes the part of Sir Peter Lund. The great Liberal leader has now written a highly appreciative and complimentary letter to Mr. Hare on the subject of the play and upon Mr. Hare's acting.

There was a scene at the appearance at the Vienna Musical and Dramatic Exhibition of the company of the Paris Comedie Francaise. While De Musset's Une Nuit Dans Octobre was being recited, Princess Gisela, of Bavaria, Emperor Francis Joseph's eldest daughter, withdrew with her two daughters from the imperial box. The poem, as is well known, touches upon an unhappy passion, and it is presumed recalled to the princess the sad death of her brother, Crown Prince Rudolph. The party returned, however, in time to hear Les Femmes Savantes, which was received with the utmost enthusiasm by the audience. Among those present were: Prince Ferdinand

of Bulgaria, his brother, Prince Philip, and the latter's wife, Princess Louise.

A novel and spirited incident occurred recently in a French provincial theatre. An actress of well deserved fame, because she has an extra allowance of youthful beauty and Paris piquancy, plus great talent, was to appear in Madame la Marchale. At the last moment it was discovered that the actress's dresses had not arrived. She appeared before the curtain and explained the sad state of affairs. Stern's Maria could not have been more plaintive, and the audience were as much moved as was Stern himself. The audience unanimously exclaimed, "Play the part without your clothes." The sweet actress with her sweetest expression said she would do her best to please them, and the piece, which requires her role to be clad in the richest garments that a woman of extreme wealth and fashion could possess, was played by the heroine in a natty comfortable traveling dress. She had a success enorme. At the end of the performance a spectator stood on his seat and said: "Madame, in the name of the habitues of this, our theatre, I offer you sincere thanks and congratulations. Return, Oh! return, dear madame, quickly return, we beg of you, let us see you with clothes on which are suited to the part, though they cannot add to your intellectual conception of it, to your grace and to your beauty."

Joseph Jefferson tells a capital story as a contribution to the widespread discussion of the question whether actors should feel the emotions they depict:

Mrs. Warner had long acted with Macready. That great actor found that one favorite passage in Werner had lost its old-time effectiveness. It was the passage wherein Werner excuses himself to his son for the petty plunder of Stralenhelm's gold. Mrs. Warner, when her opinion was asked, said: "When you spoke that speech ten years ago there was a surprise in your face as if you then only realized what you had done. You looked shocked and bewildered, and in a forlorn way seemed to cast about for words that would excuse the crime; and all this with a depth of feeling and sincerity that would naturally come from an honest man who had been for the first time in his life accused of theft."

"That is as it should be given," said Macready. "And now, madam!"

"You speak it," said his frank critic, "like one who has committed a great many thefts in his life, and whose glib excuses are so pat and frequent that he is neither shocked, surprised nor abashed at the accusation."

"I thank you, madam," said the old actor.

"The distinction may appear at first as a nice one, but there is much in it."

Speaking of the Poet and the Puppets, a take-off on Oscar Wilde's play now being presented in London, the critic of the *Pall Mall Budget* says: "Rumor had it that the skit on Lady Windermere's Fan was so amiable that it would hurt no one's feelings, and Rumor also said that it contained many lines which would not be allowed to outlive the first night. But Rumor was wrong—quite wrong. It is not gentle and it is not naughty, but it is clever. The Poet is discovered in his study, and Mr. Charles Hawtreys in the part looked a good deal like Mr. Wilde. The Poet was bored; he had invented fairies, flowers and music, and felt so 'foolishly fertile' he must invent something else. So he summoned a fairy, and told her he proposed to invent plays and actors. He did not mean to invent anything new—in fact, he 'could not afford to invent anything that was not thoroughly known.' The fairy replies in verse, but he stops her, pointing out that it is absurd to use 'anything so prosaic as verse in anything so poetic as life.' She fails to understand him, yet he does not aid her; 'it would be so dull to be understood.' She calls five celebrated dramatists to her aid, but, except Shakespeare's neat though somewhat subtle jest that he never wrote any play save Henry VIII., they are not very funny. Then the actual travesty begins with a parody on the first scene of the original. Finding himself short of matter, the poet introduces Hamlet and Ophelia. As the Prince's mistress Miss Lottie Venus cleverly mimicked Mrs. Tree in the mad scene: the poor thing has been driven mad by the popular songs of the day, and sings snatches of some of them delightfully. In this scene Mr. Eric Lewis sang a diverting song about the folly of taking your mother-in-law to a ball, and Mr. Hawtreys was cruelly skilful in an imitation of Mr. Rutland Barrington's singing. The library scene came next, and its quiet humor was not received with due appreciation. The men sat round like Christy Minstrels and led up to one another's jokes, which turned out to be very ancient 'whizzes.' This idea of the resemblance of the original scene to a Moore & Burgess show was suggested in our notice of the play. The denouement of this scene was the discovery of six Lady Teazles behind the curtain—a pertinent hit at Mr. Wilde. No great ingenuity was shown in bringing the affair to an end. On the whole, the skit is very funny; the empty paradoxes of Mr. Wilde very cleverly touched off, and the sham smart sayings were often funny. It is perhaps a little too unkind in its suggestions against Mr. Wilde of plagiarism, and its hint that he is too keen in a bargain; while the clever parody on Mr. Barrington's singing was rather too sharp; otherwise it is legitimate fooling, though at times needlessly extravagant. The audience seemed thoroughly pleased, and we believe that no one who has seen the original can fail to be amused by the travesty."

Pursued by Prayers.

It sometimes happens that a good cause may be sorely misjudged and a big thing lightly dismissed by the thoughtless onlooker. The Primitive Methodists have set up a large gospel tent on Crawford street south of Queen, and on Sunday afternoon while service was being conducted a group of boys gathered on the corner. One of them wanted the others to "slide down to de wharf and try to git over to de Island."

"Naw," said another, "let's take in de tent. What's goin' on dere, anyhow?"

"Aw, de tent—what's de good ob takin' in de tent?" cried the first with tones of con-

tempt. "Dere's nothin' dere but hollerin' and yellin' and takin' up a colleckshun."

And he headed the small procession towards the wharf, while from the tent swelled the song of the libeled multitude, For You I am Praying.

ZEKE.

Varsity Chat.

SINCE the announcement of the results many are saying, "There are only a few of us left."

Something worth the careful consideration of some who are not students: The senate is not the university, much less is a senator.

Some of the men who graduated this spring from the theological colleges have punctually gone into matrimony, and to those who may be cogitating over such an important matter I refer them to the following expression of opinion by a well known writer: "Nature has destined the girl to produce what in a dramatic sense is called a startling effect, inasmuch as it has furnished her for a few years with superabundant beauty, fascination and fullness, at the cost of her whole remaining lifetime, in order that during these years she may be able to conquer the imagination of a man to the extent that he shall be so far carried away as to honorably undertake in some form or shape the care of her for life; a step for which mere reasonable deliberation seems to give no adequate security."

Knox College is sending out a large force of men this year to work for "the good that they can do" in the mission fields during the summer months. J. B. Burnet has been appointed to the Chisholm field, Kells, P. O.; A. S. Ross to South Bay, Manitoulin Island; Jas. Borland to Byng Inlet, and E. W. McKay to Cook's Mills; George Gerrie and J. C. Cameron go to the North-West for a year, the former to Pine Creek, in the neighborhood of Calgary, and Mr. Cameron to Mr. Leighman, which is in the neighborhood of Edmonton, where Rev. Dr. McQueen, B.A., has been settled for some years. R. G. Munison will spend the summer in Muskoka at Port Carling; J. Landsborough at Magnetawan; and S. Whaley is farther up the river and a little inland, at the old Dunchurch field; A. L. Budge goes to his old field, Baysfield; W. J. West to Berridale, and J. A. Dow to Dwight; J. A. Cranston will spend the summer with his brother-in-law, Rev. R. J. M. Glassford, at Streetsville; T. Bell will do mission work at Arkona, Lambton Co.; S. McLennan at Patillo, Essex Co.; E. A. Henry at Maynooth, North Hastings; and J. D. Morrison at Muskoka Falls; G. B. Wilson will take charge of the Windermere field, and G. Arnold will labor at Reay, Muskoka; while French River will be supplied by T. Menzies; the Alma congregation, at present vacant, have secured J. Crookard for the summer; Port Stanley is in the same position, and will be supplied by S. O. Nixon; and J. Wilson will go to Sunderland for a few months; W. A. Merkle goes to North Williamsburg; A. H. Abbott, J. Ross, R. Grant, and W. E. Sinclair go to their respective homes at Brockville, Blyth, St. Mary's and Whitby; while T. Eakin goes to a field in the vicinity of Sault Ste. Marie, where from 200 to 300 men are working on the canal which is being constructed on the Canadian side.

Our men win distinction wherever they go. Among those of our old boys who attended Princeton last session was W. D. Kerswell, B.A., '90, and all 'Varsity men will be glad to learn that he carried off the Stanton prize, which is the chief honor of the middle year. The subject of his thesis was, What was the Book of the Law Found in the Temple of Hilkiah. Mr. Kerswell will probably be a candidate for the Final Year Fellowship prize of \$600, entitling the winner to go abroad for post-graduate work.

The subject this year for the Ramsay scholarship is, The History of the Postoffice Savings Bank System of Canada, and candidates for the bankers' scholarship will be examined on Sedley's Expansion of England and Symes' Elementary Political Economy, while the subjects for the Wyld prize are: (1) Satire in English Literature from 1660-1750; (2) Shakespeare's and Moliere's Comedy Compared; (3) Spencer's Faerie Queen and Tennyson's Idylls of the King as Representative Poems of the Periods of English Literature; (4) Religious Thought and Feeling in the 19th Century as represented by Browning and Tennyson.

The Association football team, under Captain Watty Thomson's skilful coaching, made a great record for themselves on their American trip. Chicago and Detroit both succumbed to our clever kickers and Berlin, the only Canadian club they played, were an easy team for Thomson's forwards. The lacrosse club had a very pleasant trip to Cornell University at Ithaca, N.Y., and gave our American cousins a few pointers on stick-handling, and cricket is also flourishing this year, and though the team have not many wins to their credit they have played some very close and creditable games. 'Varsity, as is generally the case, proved too strong for Galt at the wicket, but were beaten at Hamilton. The Toronto Cricket Club, as was expected, had rather an easy game with our boys, but the annual matches with Trinity University and Upper Canada College, though both were lost, should have been won, especially the latter match, which was lost, not by the superior strength of the opposing team but by one individual's lucky score. Our Cricket Club was at a disadvantage with the other clubs through not having a professional coach. But baseball is the favorite game with the students this year and receives most attention. Thanks to Manager Garrett and the committee some good attractions have been secured. The Detroit Athletic Club visited Toronto on the Queen's Birthday and won two straight games. Cornell University, the old-time opponents of 'Varsity, followed next and succeeded in winning in a very close game. The team was next defeated in London, also by a close score, but at Ann Arbor, with the University of Michigan team, success at last crowned their efforts and they won a splendid game. If our baseballers go to Detroit on July 4, as is expected, they will stand a good chance of "wiping out" their former defeats.

JUNIOR.

June.

For Saturday Night.

Crowded houses, narrow streets,
Stunted trees, and children here;
Dwarfed and burned with urban heat;
Verdure prematurely rare;
Clouds—but only clouds of dust;
All day long the heat of noon;
Dreams—but hard-faced dreams of lust;
Can this be our sweetheart June?

Stately mansions, builded on
What is called the people's right;
Acres of green glossy lawn
Where the poor may feast their sight;
Legalized monopoly
Of old Nature's rosiest boon!
Smiling, urban (o) mockery
Of the lights and rights of June!

Stir of crowds and din of trade;
Crown's self-allotted share
Of the sunshine and the shade
And the universal air;
Tenements as dark as mines,
Where diseases come and go,
And the great sun never shines—
Is this June? Ah, No! No! No!

But throw off to the wind,
Come where June her freedom rears;
Leave the city's life behind,
With its nightly sobs and tears;
Here are meadows, lanes and wood,
Flowers, streams reflecting trees;
Earth's harmonious sisterhood
Kissed by unpolluted breezes!

Bring the white-faced children here,
Let them scream and laugh and run
Out upon the clovered mere
Till the glorious day is done!
One chance owner may be gruff,
But his heart will grant the boon;
'Tis not free, but free enough,
And at least a taste of June.

OWANA. CHARLES GORDON ROBERTS.

Love.

For Saturday Night.

When woodland air and sky inspire
The reeling dances of amorous fire,
How wildly envious Heaven cries,
Destruction lurks in beauty's eyes!
But vain are Heaven's fond alarms,
To startle youth from beauty's arms
While love retains the master spell,
To paradise the darkest hell.

R. A. WIDDOWSON.

Bridal Song.

For Saturday Night.

Ring, glorious bells, 'tis June! She comes, she comes!
My bride is beautiful! She comes to me
While song-thrill'd birds tell forth their sweetest tunes,
While snow-white blossoms deck the apple-tree,
While fields are green and forests fair to see.
She comes, she comes! My love, my bride, my queen!
Her laughter's gentle music glad with glees,
Her tender cheeks bloom with rose-like sheen,
Her starry eyes aglow with love's soft light serene.

Ring, glorious bells! She comes, my bride, my own!
While song and sunshine gladden earth and air,
While balmy winds and breezes soft in tone
Do breathe abroad on wings of music rare,
The secret sighs of fragrant flowers fair.
She comes! The rose whose petals cannot die;
Far down my blissful soul they blossom there.
She comes! The sunshine of my life's wild sky,
Kissing with smiling rainbows every storm-tear dry.

ERNEST E. LEIGH.

Friendship.

For Saturday Night.

With thee conversing I forget all time.—Milton, in *Paradise Lost*.

All fears, all cares, all vain regret,
When I am with thee, are full soon forgot;
Thy charm of language will not let
Me think upon the anguish of my lot.
And thou art kind, else those clear eyes
Would never glow with such benignant light,
A sweet influence as of skies,
Guiding my wayward course to paths of right.

The witchery of thy presence seems
To me to banish quite all things that find
At night a lodgment in my dreams,
And now, in truth, thou fillest all my mind.
Thy spell is on me; the hours fly—
The moments which I fain would stay—
Too soon we part and say good-bye;
Too soon from thee I tear myself away.

Gentlest friend! thy voice will often
Come to my memory like some rare rich rhyme,
Recalling old places and seasons when
With thee conversing I forget all time.

G. N. BRAUNOWITZ.

To the Departing May.

For Saturday Night.

And art thou going to leave us, May?
And must I say good-bye?
And must we part this lovely night
Beneath the midnight sky?
Hushed is the air and calm and still
And veiled is the moon,
The hour on which thou wist'ast away
Hath touched all things with gloom.

When summer comes all hot and dry,
'Tis then we'll miss thee, May;
We'll miss thy breath so fresh and sweet
To cool each burning ray.
And when the dreary autumn comes
And dead leaves strew the way,
We'll miss thy smiling beauty,
So fresh and glad and gay.

But chiefly when stern winter rules
With iron hand severe,
And over nature spreads a gloom
Of desolation drear;
When bitter blows the wind and cold
And shorter grows the day,
'Tis then we'll know how fair thou wast,
O! lovely, winsome May.

JAMES FRANCIS DELANEY.

Sleep and Dreamland.

For Saturday Night.

As daylight fades, and gleams the evening star,
The curtain'd night begins her shadowed reign;
And like a dreamy, misty form of air,
The balm of sleep steals on the wearied brain.
Lulled into rest by fancied songs of love,
And drowsy thoughts of fame's triumphant day;
The gentle dew from night's subrosal flowers,
In soothing kindness sleep the world away.

No idle sound disturbs the sleeping world,
The sleeper sleep upon yon distant hill;
A wave of silence whisks the landscape o'er,
And awes the trembling boughs and moonlit rill.

BERT KELLY.

Echoes Fame.

For Saturday Night.

Plunged in the lurid flames of war
Mid snaky fash and cannon roar,
Mid shriek and groan and death's red stream,
Where stoutest heart of fear may dream,
Fy! madman, fy! pale terror cries,
Onward! the warrior's soul replies.
Then like the torrent, sweep the brave
To victory, or glory's grave.

R. A. WIDDOWSON.

Between You and Me.

HERE is a certain pink covered paper, which hails from London the great, the items in which often afford me amusement, but one day lately I was really angry with this "Pink'un." In speaking of American women this paper said: "American peculiarities (mind, we only allude to what is peculiarly and particularly theirs) are for the most part offensive—a mad love for dress in which they far surpass the French or Russian women even; a contempt for all and every kind of restraint, that of the father as that of the husband; a strong tendency to chronic dyspepsia and other physical weaknesses, which are very disgusting and which foreign physicians even call "maladies américaines," so peculiar are they to American ladies; imperfect, not to say bad teeth; and a nervous restlessness which would drive a stolid Britisher mad before the honeymoon was over—as we say, American peculiarities of which we have roughly and *currente calamo* just given a few samples, are for the most part offensive. We admire and indeed love American ladies, but (with the exception of those who have been caught, tamed and civilized by European influences) we cannot for one moment compare them with French, Russian, Italian, or Spanish women (we say nothing of the Germans); while as for our own countrywomen, they are far superior, both in *physique* and *morale*, to their American cousins as the light of the sun is superior to that of a wax taper."

As I say, I was foolish enough to feel a little warm over the remarks of the "Pink'un" until, in skimming the next page, I came across the following description of an English woman, which, thank heaven, is purely peculiar to that people: "At one dance which occurred quite lately, there was an excellent matron, who certainly would never see her fiftieth birthday again, and who was clothed in bright scarlet silk, which gave her all the appearance of a pillar box, and she was quite the rage among the boys. She danced indefatigably till the enamel with which her face was thickly daubed positively melted, and she flirted with all the zest of nineteen, and seemed to be thoroughly enjoying herself, while pretty young girls sat round the room trying to look as if they did not want to dance, and dancing was only fit for boys and old women." It was said, moreover, that this dame meant business. She was very rich, and she was on the look-out for a young husband, with a decided predilection for one under thirty. I think, on the whole, even an independent, dyspeptic, fashionable and fidgety American is a little ahead of that!

One of the latest wedding innovations in these *fin de siècle* days is to have the bride given away by her youngest sister. The small girl in short petticoats steps gravely forward and bows to the question "who giveth," etc. Well, that may be the latest, but it is not the most reasonable selection, for you and I and everyone know that the giving away act has been studied up from time immemorial by the little brother!

There are ways and means of raising money for the church, but I do think the latest is the most astounding of all! A ravishingly beautiful girl, dressed to represent a "nickel in the slot" machine, was labeled, "Put a shilling in the slot, and the figure will kiss you." A young friend thus describes the result. "I put the shilling in the slot, then I had a dream of sparkling eyes, soft lips, and faint perfume. I kept on putting in shillings till I was broke." I am glad, dear Ladies! Aids, that this dreadful thing happened as far off as Australia. The poor girl!

I dined with a ruffled dove one day lately. Soon the cause of her displeasure was made known. She had been to draw a postoffice order, and the "man" had been very rude. "Which man?" I demanded, jealous of the chivalry of the postoffice. She described him, and I was inconsolable. He was always a nice man, I thought, but he had been rude to my ruffled dove and I was bound to hate him ever after. The trouble had been over her signature, and in the end, the man had grimly smiled and got his way, not for the love of it, but because it was also his duty. Poor man!

Some time ago a woman rated the street car conductors for inattention. I felt sorry for them and dearly wished for time to answer the woman, but I had it not. Of course there are conductors and conductors! There is the Goth, who simply growls "fare," and the absent-minded man who forgets to ring for your street, and the old quiet man who helps you carefully up and down and watches every crossing, and replies to your "Thank you" with a bright, "You're welcome, miss." I have some favorites on the road with whom I exchange civilities as I pass these nice summer mornings on my wheel, or who generally triumph over me on rainy days; there are good and bad, just as everywhere, and when they get neat gray or blue uniforms they will no doubt be more alert and polite than before. They have a hard row to hoe some of them, and hoe it bravely, too.

In case any of my lady readers go yachting or boating this month, a pleasant preparation to apply for roughness of the skin, produced by wind or sunburn, is as follows: Mix together four ounces of oil of almonds, half an ounce of white wax and half an ounce of spermaceti in an earthen jar. Set the jar in boiling water, mix the ingredients well together. When quite smoothly melted, stir in two ounces of orange flower water. Mix thoroughly and pour into any ornamental earthen jars or pots.

LADY GAY.

Lord Tennyson is fond of port, notwithstanding the sentiments of "Locksley Hall." It is related that his friend Henry Irving went to dine with him. After dinner a bottle of port was brought in. The old servant, to Mr. Irving's amusement, set the bottle and one glass before his master, who helped himself and talked on. Mr. Irving, who also likes port, kept his counsel and devoted himself to the claret. He did not even reveal that he had been left out in the cold, when the port, having finished the bottle, quite unconscious that he had had no help, asked if he liked the wine.

Individualities.

There are twenty thousand women in the United Kingdom who earn their livelihood by nursing.

Miss Charlotte M. Yonge, the author, has given \$10,000 for building a missionary college at Auckland, New Zealand.

The charmingly situated mansion of Stocks, Aldbury, Herts, has been taken as a residence by Mr. and Mrs. Humphrey Ward.

Mrs. Lewis Washington of Charlestown, W. Va., has lent an interesting relic for exhibition at Mount Vernon. It is the old family Bible of Mary, the mother of Washington. It is an old-fashioned book covered with homespun cloth, a covering that Mary Washington put on with her own hands.

It is forty years since Louis Kossuth, then a man of forty-six, visited America, and the news of the recent celebration of his birthday seems like an echo from another century. Long years of exile in Italy have not quenched the ardor of his patriotism, but, at eighty-six, he has grown physically and mentally feeble.

Ex-King Milan of Serbia is about to appear before the civil tribunals at Paris as the defendant in a lawsuit brought by a well known *demi mondaine*. Some time ago, while infatuated with the woman, he settled an annuity of six thousand dollars for life upon her. To-day, the ex-king, having tired of her, refuses to pay.

Prince Henry of Battenberg, who, by the by, is a most accomplished violinist, is daily acquiring greater influence over his mother-in-law, Queen Victoria. As the husband of Princess Beatrice, who lives with her, he is perpetually by her majesty's side. The queen has always found it necessary to have some sort of favorite or confidant, particularly so since the death of Prince Albert.

Few of the many readers of Pierre Loti's charming stories know that while he was still best known as Julien Viaud he was dubbed Loti (the Japanese for violet) by his fellow officers in the French navy, on account of his modest and retiring disposition. He therefore assumed Loti as a surname when looking about for a pen name. His first story, *The Marriage of Loti*, Madame Adam claims to have christened.

The Housewife Union of Berlin, founded by Frau Lina Morgenstern, twenty years ago, for improving domestic service, has become one of the most useful organizations of Germany. It gives prizes to women who have remained in the service of the same family for terms of five, ten, twenty and thirty years, the highest prize being thirty marks in gold. At a recent meeting a prize was given to one woman who had served fifty years in one place, outliving two generations.

Mrs. Theophila Kraemer, who, it was said, had attempted to enter Russia under the shield of the Red Cross Society, for the purpose of preaching socialistic or Polish nationalist doctrines, is a Pole by birth. She is handsome, with large eyes and dark hair. Her father left Russia when she was very young, but she has always been enthusiastic on the subject of restoring the independence of her native land. She has made many speeches on the subject at public mass meetings.

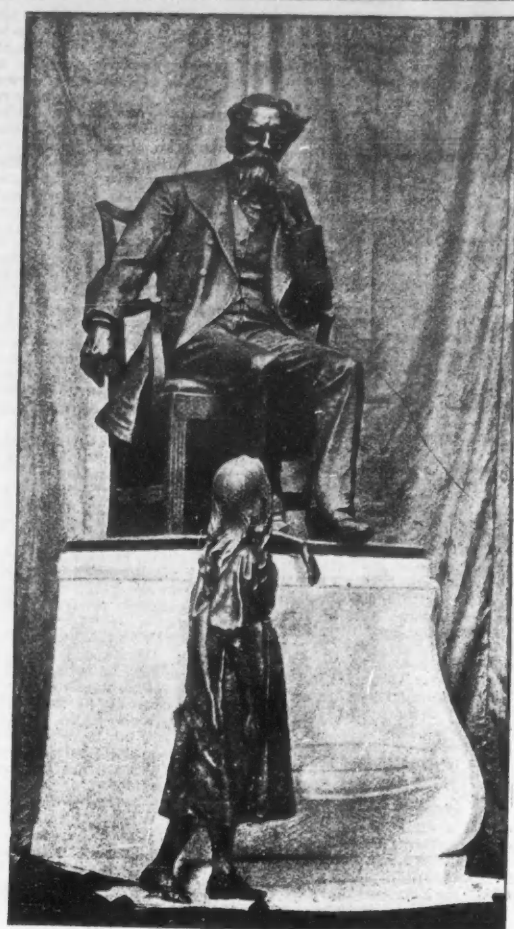
Archduke Franz Ferdinand, the heir to the Austrian throne, is viewed by European statesmen as an impending calamity. Just as the present emperor is wise and able, the heir apparent is weak in every way. Not only does he lack intelligence, but his personal character is not of the best; and there is only too good reason for fearing that when he wears the crown he will, through wantonness or ignorance, destroy the delicate adjustment which keeps Europe at peace now.

A good story is told of the encounter which Miss Lucinda Q. Gore, a school teacher at Lackharabad, India, had with a tiger. Turning from the blackboard she was confronted by a Royal Bengal at the open schoolroom door. With woman's wit, she jammed the brush end of a broom into his eyes, and when he drew back with a growl of pain, slammed the door in his face. Help came before the man-eater could gain ingress elsewhere, and the brave woman and her pupils were rescued.

John Jacob Astor second and William Astor were not the only sons of William B. Astor. He had another, Henry Astor, the brother of the man who died the other day. This uncle and granduncle of the surviving Astors lives quietly in a small village in Columbia County, N. Y., and married the daughter of a farmer in the vicinity, and is perfectly serene and happy, and has never envied his relatives their gay and exciting life. He has outlived his brothers, and is perfectly contented, free from scandals, divorces, duels, sensations and family feuds.

Lord Marcus Beresford is the most horsey man of the British peerage, and was for many years the official starter of the Jockey Club. For a long time his household in London was presided over by the once lovely Mrs. Charley Buller. Buller tried in vain to get a divorce from her; but inasmuch as it was shown in court that he had repeatedly condoned the offence, and even gone so far as to attend, as a guest, dinners given by his wife and Lord Marcus Beresford at the house in which the latter two presided, both judge and jury declined to grant him the matrimonial freedom which he sought.

Zola is reported to be almost as great a lover of curios as is Alexandre Dumas, who once told an American correspondent that if he were not an author he would be a dealer in bric-a-brac. The home in Paris and the country seat at Medan of the author of *Nana*, are filled with artistic treasures, and he spends much of his spare time in auction rooms. The novelist's books in their completed form never satisfy him. "I exorcise them after they are published," he said recently, "because I feel how much I have left unsaid, how far short I have fallen of my ideal." Similarly, James Russell Lowell once said, when he had finished a particularly brilliant after-dinner speech, that he thought of his brightest anecdotes after he had left the table. Zola passes only three hours, and these in the morning, at his desk. The remainder of the day he spends out of doors or in other relaxation.



Charles Dickens and Little Nell.

(Photographed from the statue by Elwell, the American sculptor.)

Dickens.

DO not think that I have ever enjoyed reading a book so much as I have enjoyed during the past month the reading of *The Life of Charles Dickens* by Forster, his faithful biographer. It is written in three volumes and the exceedingly clever way in which the incidents of his life are placed before one, the gradual leading up from the dingiest, gloomiest, trialful boyhood, to the glorious, sun-glinted manhood is remarkably well told and gives the readers an interest in every book he has written that they could not otherwise have.

His rise from poverty, ignorance, association with vice and crime in his home in the Marshalsea prison, to comparative affluence, knowledge (instinctive) and attained by his own unaided exertions to a pleasant, bright, cheerful home, both for himself and his parents, is well worth the time one spends in following it. He could not so well have understood the wants and pleasures of the poor only that he had experienced them himself.

He could not so sympathize with their suffering, save that he himself had suffered in like manner. He was a writer with a direct gift from God to be a comfort and a blessing to the poor.

M. Taine says that "People are so tired of the things which surround them that they cease to notice them, but when Dickens made them interesting then people were enchanted. Surely, then, he is the writer above all others one should study. We have to live amidst common surroundings; if anyone can make them charming, then that person surely is the benefactor of mankind. He will give contentment and satisfaction in that state of life wherein we are placed. Would not this make the chief charm of life? To be satisfied and contented when we had done our best, despite the fact that perfection had not been attained. Socrates searched for the true good for mankind. Surely this is the secret of it, and Dickens has found it."

Half mankind do not know the pleasure of living because they are always looking at the unattainable luxuries, thus missing the pleasant little details which would make life not only bearable but exceedingly more livable.

ADELE.

Aunt Phemie and the Bell Skirt.

CINDY bought herself a new dress last Saturday in Murray's. She gave a dollar and a quarter a yard for it, and by the time she had all the trimmings for it, and all the little fixings dress-makers want nowadays, she had spent well-nigh twenty dollars. Seeing she had called for me with the carriage, and had taken me for a beautiful drive before she started shopping, I could not very well complain, especially as I am only her aunt by marriage. But even so, I couldn't see that she had any right spending Will's—as she calls him—money, though when he was on the farm at home he just got William James. I couldn't keep it out of my looks that I wasn't pleased with her choice of a garment. The color wasn't the least mite serviceable and there was an up and down to it, and it wouldn't turn no-ways. I did console myself a little that she could use the buttons and linings over. Well, we next went upstairs to look at bonnets, and you can just imagine my feelings at seeing her buy a little thing no bigger than your hand, with a big hole in the top and flowers all round the outside, and three or four tiny bits of feathers stuck on at the back, and two bits of velvet to come down under her chin, and down she puts another twenty dollar bill. "Oh, money must be no object," thinks I to myself, for being her guest I couldn't say anything. "I must have a parcel now, Aunt Phemie," she says as sweet as sugar.

Shutting my mouth up tight I just followed to the paraisol, and see fifteen dollars go for a "shiffon" one that you could see through as plain as anything. Adding these things up in my mind and getting near fifty-five dollars, I could have groaned; for I thought of a woman's life that fifty dollars would have saved, and I with no more than five dollars, the cost of a new cloak, to spare towards her funeral expenses. Her ladyship says: "We'll go to the dress-

maker's now," and told the driver so. And not only to leave this dress to be made, but to set one all ready for her was the object of this visit. Visions of twenty dollar bills were floating thick in my mind now, and I was going to gather courage to ask for one for a sick girl, who was just dying by inches for lack of proper food and medicine. The dress-maker dragged my relative off to try on the new dress, and she came sweeping in with it on to look in the big glass. The dressmaker says to her: "Now, be sure and allow the dress to sweep when on the street; it adds length to your figure, and when you sit down drape it around at your side." I opened my eyes wide, for here was not less than one-half yard of that dress trailing away behind her. And I immediately began to think of what trailing that dress in the streets meant. She wore it home and paid the dressmaker just ten dollars for the work she had put on it, as "it was so plainly made."

When we got seated in the carriage going to take me home, I sat looking at her, and by and by she saw me, and blushing a little she says: "What is it, Aunt Phemie?" And just plain and plump I told her. Says I: "I am just as sorry as I can be that William James married you. I thought when he got Mary Sanders for a wife that he was getting a real helpmate. His salary may be thirteen hundred a year, but when his wife spends sixty-five out of that in one afternoon, just to put on her own back, it seems to me that the rest won't be long following. And how much have you saved since you were married? Not one cent, for William James told me, and him looking as old and worn as a man of forty shouldn't look. You needn't look like that, for I won't spare you. I've seen that you were going too fast for some little time now. You weren't used to the like, Mary Sanders, but city life has just taken the sweet, womanly bloom out of you, and now to go trailing a bell-skirt over the sidewalk, sweeping through all the vile things that lie there, carrying dirt and disease everywhere you go! The idea of a woman who thinks she has a right to vote, with no more sense than that! Mary, if you go on like this what can you expect your children to be?"

I was so excited and wrought up that I really had said more than I intended and I see Mary begin to cry, and then sit up as if she owned the city. She never said a word till we got to my door, and when the carriage stopped she just bowed very, very cool, and wished me good afternoon. "Mary," I says, for I couldn't bear to quarrel with any one, much less Jane Sanders' daughter, "Mary, if I've hurt your feelings I'm very sorry, and I hope you won't take it amiss, and I do thank you for the pleasure you have given me." I felt a little guilty when I said that, but she just bowed again, and was glad to have given me pleasure, and told the driver to go on.

But a week afterwards William James and Mary came round to spend the evening and although nothing was said about that afternoon, Mary told me that they were going to move to a smaller house, and keep one girl. When Mary went to put on her things I see she had cut the train off her skirt, and she kissed me good-night just as pleasant as could be.

LINA S. MITCHELL.

Aphorisms

Gratitude is the soil on which joy thrives.—Auerbach.

Fortune has rarely condescended to be the companion of genius.—Disraeli.

Happiness does away with ugliness, and even makes the beauty of beauty.—Amiel.

He is truly good who desires always to bear the inspection of good men.—Rochefoucauld.

We should miss a great deal that is valuable in human nature if we confined our attention exclusively to important personages.—Hamer-ton.

A rich man is an honest man, no thanks to him, for he would be a double knave to cheat mankind when he had no need of it.—Daniel De Foe.

A gentleman is one who understands and shows every mark of deference to the claims of self-love in others, and exacts it in return from them.—Haslitt.

No man has come to true greatness who has not felt in some degree that his life belongs to his race, and that what God gives him he gives him for mankind.—Phillips Brooks.

Cricket News.

GOLDINGHAM has now to his credit the best individual performance of the season so far in Canada, he having scored 101 not out, against 'Varsity the other day. Not having been present I cannot say anything about what chances, if any, he may have given, but judging from what I have seen the same batsman do on former occasions it is safe to say the score was made by good cricket. This is not Mr. Goldingham's first taste of that deep satisfaction felt by one who makes his century; he has reached the dizzy height once or twice before to my knowledge. When a batsman makes a century others remark that he had a snap, but if a cricketer will only reflect he will admit that it is a creditable performance no matter how weak a team is in opposition, for there are a thousand strange chances in cricket whereby a Goliath may fall before a weaker than David. Yes, and I discover a new one of these chances every time I go to bat, and long before the century is reached. With Casey Wood at one end of the wicket and Bunting and Allison at the other, the man who carries his bat for 101 must play cricket.

The second largest score of the year was the 95 made by Lord Kilcourse in the game at Ottawa between Government House and the Commons. General Herbert in the same game put up 32 and Capt. Streetfield 25. Government House won by an innings and 124 runs. This should suggest two things to the Ontario Cricket Association: First, the idea of having Government House represented in the international eleven; second, the necessity of taking part in politics and sending cricket reinforcement to the Commons to save the reputation of the country with cricketers at 'Ome. The redistribution gives West Toronto a new member; why not elect A. H. Collins or J. E. Hall? I do not know anything about the politics of these gentlemen, but their batting averages are all that could be desired.

The annual inter-University game came off on Trinity lawn last Friday, and was won by the home team by ten runs. It was anybody's game until the finish. For 'Varsity the chief scorers were: Allison, 0 and 24, not out; Coleman, 8 and 11; Bunting, 1 and 17; Pope, 15 and 0; Bain, 10 and 0. For Trinity the runs were made by Martin, 31 and 2; Cameron, 31 and 1; L. S. McCarthy, 0 and 20. Grout is a remarkable bowler—remarkable as much for the way he goes at it as for the success he achieves. His great, high, long, overhead method always reminds me of a California swing, and when I turn from criticizing him, the umpire is putting on the balls and a new batsman is asking for "middle and h'off, please." Allison and Wood divided bowling honors on the other side. 'Varsity has suffered severe defeats this year. The indignity of being all out for 9 runs was administered at East Toronto, and at Hamilton they were beaten by an innings and 94 runs. In the latter game they played without Wood, as Trinity when beaten by an innings and 16 runs at Peterboro, played without Grout. The chief scorers for Hamilton were Marshall 45, Fleet 35, F. Martin 35, Hope 22 and Ricketts 12.

The return match between Upper Canada and East Toronto was a peculiar one. The latter team put up 83, of which Jordan's 26 was the most creditable feature, and then went to the field as rain commenced to fall. Rev. F. W. Terry and Lorne Cosby faced the bowling, and when the latter, at the expiration of an hour, put one into the hands of Sadler, the score stood Cosby 34, Terry 30 not out, extras 12, or a total of 76 for one wicket. Capt. Chandler then called his men in out of the rain, and now their flannels are all too small for them. A third game between these clubs is spoken of.

Last Saturday was a bowlers' day on the Bloor street grounds and the Torontos and East Torontos went out for the low scores of 58 and 52 respectively. Sadler, the East Toronto professional, bowled well and showed himself a good field man, although he has not yet scored higher than 9 runs in an innings. Casey Wood topped the score for the Torontos, and Forester 17 and Chandler 11 not out were the top figures for the other side.

The C. P. R. company has put up an athletic club house and laid out large grounds for the convenience of employees at the Junction. It is a stroke of enterprise and magnanimity very creditable to the company as represented in the matter by Superintendent Taft. Cricket, football, lacrosse and baseball are being or will be played. The opening game of cricket came off last Saturday, when the club was defeated by Norway, but some good material came to the surface, Fowke especially making his 15 like a professional.

Brampton was defeated at East Toronto, on Tuesday, by an innings and 6 runs. For the visitors Loosemore's 14 and 21 was the best work, and on the other side Maddocks made 24, Forester again came up with 17, and Jordan with 16, while Vandye eclipsed all with 34, made by hard hitting.

Rev. F. W. Terry has done it again. In the 'Varsity-Upper Canada game on Tuesday he put up 92 for the latter, and this actually out of a total of 114. This was remarkable and has a significance; it means this, that if the other batters could score next to nothing against the bowling, then Terry must have batted phenomenally. 'Varsity made 101, of which McLean 32 and Allison 33 were chief contributions.

The proposal by Mr. E. S. Jackson in the daily paper for a match between Englishmen from the different counties is worth looking into. Someone must take the initiative, so why could not the secretaries of the various clubs report to say, J. E. Hall, secretary of Ontario Association, a list of the Englishmen on their rolls, also the names of the counties whence they come? This would give a committee something to proceed upon intelligently.

A. SLOW LOBB, JR.

The Upstart Sam.

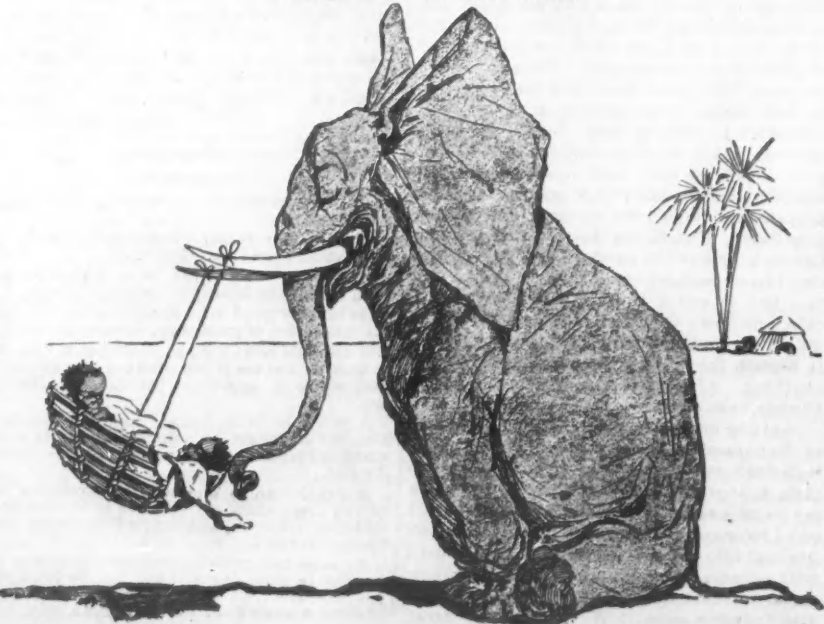
Lily Peastraw—They do say as how Sam Barnes is gettin' awful stuck up. Mary Jane Kornshuck—My! But ain't he, though! He sits in the parlor at nights, even when there ain't company at the house.

Just Cases.

Featherstone—What did you break off your engagement with Miss Yardley for? Ringway—Her father said his yacht.

"Along jest afore Chris'mas cum, Pete called meetin' wiv the deacons 'n' church wardens down to his place, 'n' after the sexton (Ah Foo) 'd brought in a round of drinks he said:

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10

The Loss of the Paragon.

Ralph Nutford was the fifth officer on board the steamer Paragon, one of the fastest boats of the Cable Line, which plied between New York and Southampton. The captain of the vessel, whose name was Clements Lane, entered heart and soul into his profession, and thought there was nothing like it. His fifth officer, however, didn't much care about it; he had been a member of a large family, pitched into the employment of the Cable Line by a rich uncle, and being young, good-looking and human, found his profession remarkably dull.

"You see," he remarked to a chance acquaintance, who had introduced himself to him as they lunched at the same table in a restaurant one day, shortly before the Paragon was to start on the homeward journey, "you see, we junior officers don't have much fun on board. The seniors, if they care about it, can get up no end of amusement with the fairer section of the passengers; but what chance has a fifth officer?"

The genial stranger was properly sympathetic, and, after making a few more inquiries concerning the arrangements and discipline on board the Paragon, he nodded "Good day" and disappeared.

On the evening before the departure of the Paragon, the new hands, who had been taken on in New York, and most of the homeward-bound passengers, were on board, when a gorgeous specimen of the wealthy Yankee, accompanied by a lovely creature of some nineteen summers and an equal number of winters, came on board, and, addressing Mr. Ralph Nutford, who was standing near the gangway, asked that worthy whether he was captain of the boat. On his replying that he was the fifth officer, the Yankee remarked:

"Well, sir, I'd be obliged if you could take me to the captain, under whose charge I want to place this young lady, whom I may as well introduce to you—as you're one of the officers—right now. Miss Nellie Robertson, my niece; Mr. Nutford—thank you—fifth officer of this vessel."

While the captain was being found, Miss Nellie Robertson was doing great execution with her great soft eyes, and by the time Captain Clements Lane had duly identified the fair passenger in his list, and had undertaken to take charge of her during the voyage, the impressionable fifth officer was quite ready to put her up on a coil of rope—no bedstead being handy—and fall down and worship her. The swell Yankee, with much ostentatious farewell pantomime, having returned to shore, the fair Nellie was left with the captain.

Next morning they were well out at sea, when the captain's *protege* came on deck. Gracious! how beautiful she was; and when she went up to Mr. Nutford, and, putting both her hands into his, captured his soul with a look, and requested to be shown the vessel, the fifth officer could have clasped her in his arms, and sprung overboard like a new champagne cork, taking his Pallas with him. His joy, however, was short-lived, for in the midst of their peregrinations the captain met them, and, telling off Mr. Nutford to go aft and see to something about that there was no earthly hurry, undertook to relieve him of his duties as showman. As they came up the companion, Nellie, stumbling against Ralph, squeezed his hand. The flirtation of these two young things for the rest of the day had to be pantomimic; it was, therefore, the more unrestrained.

Ralph did not worship the sea, but he was a conscientious officer, and would let his love, which grew fiercer and fiercer, interfere with his duties. Besides, the captain took the greatest pains about his fair charge, and kept a sharp lookout upon his fifth officer, whose eloquent looks he considered to be in the worst possible taste. An opportunity occurred to him, however, just before the last meal, when they met under the shelter of a friendly state-room.

"I must go away," he whispered, after they had been exchanging confidences for some time. "When we meet again I shall be on watch to-night, and shall wander up and down thinking of nothing but you. Come on deck early to-morrow, and I shall be free."

"No," said she, "let me come on deck whilst you are on watch. It will be a very dark night and I'll wear a dark frock. I'll be no moon—there was none last night. Do let me come."

"Impossible, darling! No one can let you come on deck save the captain. It would be ruin to me if you came without leave. You wouldn't like that, would you?"

"Oh, very well." How maddening those lips were when they pouted. "I've no doubt the captain will let me come up during his watch, and I'll come then. How horrid you are. I don't believe you care for me one bit. There will be no moon, and I'll be on watch, and you'll be watching with you, and they couldn't see me. I came up last night and no one saw me. Well, shall I come during your watch or the captain's?"

Nothing more was said—in words. Ralph was madly tempted as he went forward to dance about and shout aloud. It was a pitch-dark night, though the air was clear of fog. The lovers sat beneath the bridge and he told her in whispers all about himself, and how fatal it would be if it were discovered that he had yielded to her prayer and let her come to him on deck. But what did it matter whilst her soft, smooth fingers twined and knotted themselves in his, and her glory of golden hair was the only thing between her cheek and his shoulder?

Suddenly there was a great jar and a dull, crashing report. Nellie crouched in the shadow as Nutford sprang to his feet and learnt from the men on watch that the Paragon had been run into. In a moment all was confusion. The captain, cool as he had been taking his sea, at dinner, came on deck, and, in a loud, calm voice, to the terrified passengers:

"We have been run into, and the Paragon is sinking. There is no danger to us personally. The sea is calm, and the boats are in perfect order and preparation for such an accident. In an hour we shall be on board the ship that has run us down, which is waiting for us close by."

Then, under his calm and careful orders, the passengers embarked in the Paragon's boats, and in a very short time the little flotilla was pulling away from the disappearing liner. But the ship that had sunk them was nowhere to be found. Favored by the darkness, she had got away without stopping to learn what had become of the Paragon and her living freight. Nellie and Ralph Nutford were together in one of the boats. No inquiry had yet been made into the disaster, but the two men on watch, who were in the same boat with them, said they had suddenly seen the lights of a steamer close to them, and as they sprang forward to hail her and give the alarm she had struck them, and when they had recovered from their momentary consternation she had disappeared.

"You hear," said Nellie to the terror-stricken officer, whose side she had never left, "they didn't see her till she struck us. You must support their statement, or you are a ruined man. Your certificate will be canceled, and O, Ralph, if the truth should be known, think of my everlasting shame! For my sake, if you love me, save my good name and yours, and back up their story. You see they are both agreed, and you were further from where she struck than they were."

The men repeated their story again and again. Morning broke, and before anyone had had time to suffer much, a passing steamer, bound on the same journey, picked up the whole company. The captain interrogated the men on watch and Mr. Nutford as closely as possible. There was no doubt about the facts. The Paragon had been run down by a mysterious vessel, the name of which no one had observed, and which had taken advantage of the darkness to desert the ship she had run into.

The home voyage was satisfactorily accomplished, and Ralph and Nellie, the former no longer hampered by the duties of navigation,

had ample opportunity of carrying on their love affair, which had been accompanied by an overwhelming catastrophe. Nutford easily succumbed to Nellie's soft caresses, for to own his neglect of duty would be ruin to his career and hers, and would render their marriage, which was to him a foregone conclusion, an absolute impossibility.

A minute inquiry was naturally held at Southampton, at the conclusion of which it was decided—though in official language—that there was some mystery somewhere, and a good deal more in the circumstances of the collision than met the eye or ear; but there was no direct evidence reflecting upon the conduct of the fifth officer, who came home from the inquiry a man about whom nothing definite is said, but a good deal is implied, and in this unenviable state of mind he found waiting for him Nellie, his affianced bride, and a blue envelope.

The letter was from a firm of solicitors, announcing that his old uncle had died, leaving him his sole heir.

"Thank Heaven!" he exclaimed. "Poor old gentleman, he has done me a good turn at the moment I required it most. To-morrow I throw up this profession, which, if I cared little about before, I loathe now. This day three weeks, darling, we will be married, and then we'll go abroad for six months. Does this suit your views?"

The answer of the young person addressed has not been recorded; it is sufficient for us to know that two months later, Nellie—Mrs. Ralph Nutford—was installed in an exquisite little apartment looking out upon the Champs Elysees, and her husband, who had been down to the Riviera to look out for a permanent habitation for himself and his bride, was hastening back to her in a first-class carriage on the Paris-Marseilles railway.

In the corner opposite to him sat an American, who, with the affability of that free-born race, had entered into conversation with him, and the conversation had turned upon the shipping at Marseilles.

"You seem to know a thing or two about boats, stranger," observed the American.

"Well, I ought to, seeing that I was connected with an American line for some years."

"You were! Then you must have come across some funny yarns in connection with these steamers. Why, bless you! I could tell you a story—but, there, it wouldn't interest you, perhaps."

"On the contrary," replied Mr. Nutford, "I should very much like to hear some of your experiences. We have the end of a long journey before us."

"Oh, they are not my experiences; but a friend of mine from Chicago told me a rum story about the Cable Line a few days ago. Remember the Paragon! Went down mysteriously, beginning of the year. Yes, you know I'll tell you a story that, if you like, shall be very well; we've got time for it. It happened like this; but mind, you must promise on your British honor never to let this go any further."

"All right," cried Jeddiah Spinks, got planted last fall with a huge consignment of hides; got em as his share of a steal, or something of that kind, and all his pals laughed at him, because they said even he couldn't get a profit out of 'em. So what d'ye think he does? Ships 'em all aboard the Paragon as cargo, declares as Indian bullion embroderies, and insures them against all risks at \$500,000."

"He spotted the Paragon because there was a young fool of a fifth officer on board named Nutford, or Redford, or something like that, who was just the kind of soft he wanted, and he had him sound, to make sure, one day by a friend, who went and sat with him, and entered into conversation—just as you and I have done. And then the colonel got a girl, lovely and plucky and beautiful, with plenty of cheek and pluck and beauty, but down on her luck and hard up for cash and excitement, and sent her on board as his 'niece, making the voyage to Southampton under the care of the captain."

"She made love to the young spark, playing the captain off against him, and got him to herself on deck one dark night when there was no one else on deck but two men, sent on as part of the extra crew by the colonel himself, and instructed by him. Whilst she flirted with him well over of sight under the bridge, these two men let down over the side a dynamite machine and blew the blessed old boat to pieces, and then coked up a yarn about a mysterious vessel that had come upon them suddenly, run them down, and got clear away!"

"This young fool, in no end of a funk about his certificate, supports their yarn, and, of course, never says a word about the girl. They come over; the loss is proved bona fide accidental, and Colonel Jeddiah nets \$100,000 sterling clear profit bang out of the insurance offices! But wait a minute. The end's the tragic part of it. That beautiful girl, with her marvelous talents, that would make her an empress if she wanted to be one, goes and falls in love—the real thing—with the man, and won't touch a penny of the share of the plunder. Waste of genius, I call it. But all women are alike. And, egad, sir, she's married him! What d'ye think of that for a yarn?"

"Most startling and amusing. But here is Paris. Thank you so much for your delightful company. Your story has, indeed, interested me greatly."—*T.H. Bitts.*

The Only Way to Prevent it.

Bagley—"Does your wife always have the last word?"
Bailey—"No; not always."
Bagley—"How do you manage it?"
Bailey—"Easily enough. I'm not married."

Appropriate Music.

Bandmaster—"But how can I play a wedding march? I have nothing here but military music."
Manager—"Oh, give 'em the double-quick—that's good enough."

The Ins and Outs of It.

Caller—"Is your mistress in?"
Servant—"No, ma'am."
Caller—"When will she be in?"
Servant—"I couldn't say, ma'am; I don't know when she is going out."

Their Weakness.

"Your next door neighbors appear to be very quiet people."
"Yes, the walls are very thin, and I suppose the mean things keep quiet to hear what we say."

A Failure.

"I thought you were going to make a fortune out of the manufacture of India rubber cigarette holders."
"Didn't work at all. Fellows would smoke the holder right up before they noticed the difference."

Fertile in Resource.

"See here, Mr. Blinks, I thought you said you had been duck shooting."
"Yes, my dear, been duck—hic—shooting."
"But these ducks you brought home are tame ducks."
"Yes, my dear, I tamed them after I—hic—shot them."

A Late Repentance.

Spiritual Adviser—"You say you have a dreadful load on your conscience—my poor friend, I trust you have not committed crime."
Sick Man—"Not exactly; but for years I have been writing the Hints On Home Decoration for the household departments of the Sunday papers."



He—Are you happy, now that you're married?
She—Comparatively.
He—Compared with whom?
She—Compared with my husband.—*Life.*

Rules for Collegians About to be Graduated.

Have your photograph taken. Have it taken as a member, or, if possible, the president of seventeen college societies. College groups always look interesting when framed in gilt, and they will give a scholastic air to your mother's front parlor.

Never play, except with a reasonable limit, and always bear in mind that a football flush doesn't beat three of a kind, except when you are playing with foreigners.

Never work; but when it is near examination time—crum.

When cramming classics, be sure that the translations you use are the same as those used by the professors. Bohn's classics are very popular.

In studying Greek grammar, it is unnecessary to pay attention to anything but the second aorist. You will find the following rule in regard to it very serviceable. All short, stumpy verbs ending in a long "e" are second aorist.

However much you may be urged to do it, do not sign a contract to become the president of a railroad or any other great business concern before you are graduated. It is better to wait until you have obtained your degree, and then to look around.

Do not make up your mind to take a post-graduate course in Germany. There are plenty of good fencing clubs in New York, and any barber will have your face for you.

Have your photograph taken again. Get your hat blocked. Paste this in it.—*P. McArthur in Puck.*

Irish Information.

McTurk (anxious to catch the seven o'clock boat)—Good morning, Mrs. Murphy. Could you tell me the ligasest time?

Mrs. Murphy (promptly)—I could, that. It's tin minutes to seven.

McTurk (uneasily)—Is it that much?

Mrs. Murphy—Urrr, I should say twenty minutes to seven.

McTurk (relieved)—Oh!

Mrs. Murphy (on reflection)—Och, phwat am I talking about? Twenty minutes past seven, I mane.

McTurk (in consternation)—What?

Mrs. Murphy (reassuringly)—Well, it's either twenty minutes to seven or twenty minutes past seven, I don't know which—for me clock's not goin'.

The Other Extreme.

"Penelope seems to me a singularly empty young man."

"You wrong him. He is always full."

Unmerited Reproof.

The Rector—My dear young lady, I hope I am mistaken, but I thought I saw you talking during the sermon yesterday.

Stray Lamb—You certainly are mistaken, Doctor. Why, I never talk in my sleep!

He Didn't Forget.

The train had been wrecked far from a station and the poor fireman had lost both his legs and arms, but he was still conscious. The kindly people were discussing the best plan of removing him when he opened his eyes and looked at them questioningly.

"What is it?" asked the conductor gently, bending over him.

"Is the baggage-master all right?" he inquired.

"Bruised some, but not badly hurt," was the reply.

"Well, suppose you get him to check my trunk to the next town," and he closed his eyes again with a faint smile brightening up his face.

All Up.

Mrs. Claptrap—My dear Miss Palisade, I want to present Professor Panhandle. The professor has some very absorbing theories that he wishes to explode, and I am sure you will be only too delighted to listen.

Miss Palisade (the belle of a season, with rivals)—My dear Mrs. Claptrap, I am delighted to meet so charming a scholar as the professor, and I shall take him over and introduce him to your daughters at once.

Founded on Experience.

"Bishop," said a young Methodist preacher to his spiritual superior; "won't you give me some advice how to gain and keep the love of my congregation?"

"Yes, brother," replied the divine; "when you marry, select a woman from some other congregation than your own, and be sure that she is not handsome or stylish in her dress."

Go Elsewhere.

He—I'm looking for a girl who can bake a cake, a loaf of bread, or cook a meal; one who isn't afraid to sew a button on, or soil her hands in a little housework.

She—I should strongly advise you to try an intelligence office, Mr. Closeleigh.

Weak.

Ledyard—How does Owens stand with your house?

Johnson—He doesn't stand at all. We've been carrying him for the last three years.

Perfectly Safe.

"They say Green has been wandering in his mind lately."

"Well, he's safe enough; he can't get far."

China Colors and Materials

We are making a specialty of colors and materials for china decoration and can confidently assure ladies who may require the same that our stock is fresh, well assorted and our prices always low. Haccok's and Leocroix colors, Gouche and Wax colors, Gold, Mediums, Brushes, &c.

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131 Yonge St., Toronto (opposite Temperance St.) and
3 and 5 Toronto Arcade
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Garden Seeds sent by mail to all parts of Canada and the United States.

Quotations for Farm Seeds, Fertilizers, Implements, &c.; Oil Cake, Cotton Seed Meal, &c.; Superphosphate, Nitrate of Soda, Bone Dust, &c. Specialties—Choice Eastern Timothy Seed, Rawdon, Clover.

Write for my 37th Annual Catalogue. WM. EVANS, Montreal.



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CURE SICK HEAD

Sick Headache and relieve all the troubles incident to a bilious state of the system, such as Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Distress after eating, Pain in the Side, &c. While their most remarkable success has been shown in curing

Headache, yet CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS are equally valuable in Constipation, curing and preventing this annoying complaint, while they also correct all disorders of the stomach, stimulate the liver and regulate the bowels. Even if they only cured

HEADACHE

Ache they would be almost priceless to those who suffer from this distressing complaint; but fortunately their goodness does not end here, and those who once try them will find these little pills valuable in so many ways that they will not be willing to do without them. But after all sick head

ACHE

is the bane of so many lives that here is where we make our great boast. Our pills cure it while others do not.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS are very small and very easy to take. One or two pills make a dose. They are strictly vegetable and do not gripe or purge, but by their gentle action, please all who use them. In vials at 25 cents; five for \$1. Sold everywhere, or sent by mail.

CARTER MEDICINE CO., NEW YORK.

Small Pill. Small Dose. Small Price.

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A LITTLE GIRL'S DANGER.



Mr. Henry Macombe, Leyland St., Blackburn, London, Eng., states that his little girl fell and struck her knee against a curbstone. The knee began to swell, became very painful and terminated in what doctors call "white swelling." She was treated by the best medical men, but grew worse. Finally

ST. JACOBS OIL

was used. The contents of one bottle completely reduced the swelling, killed the pain and cured her.

"ALL RIGHT! ST. JACOBS OIL DID IT."

WE have been indulging in no end of musical dissipation during the last ten days, and have even had successions of double events. The first to call for notice was the annual concert

On Monday evening Mr. Edward Lloyd was heard in a programme of sacred music at the Metropolitan Methodist church. The excellent acoustics of the building no doubt offered great assistance to the well known tenor, yet his work, intrinsically considered, was much better than on either of his former visits. His voice was rich and brilliant, capable of great variety of tone color, and his vocalization was splendid. He gave a beautiful rendering, though a somewhat speedy one, of Adams' fine song, The Holy City, one redolent of feeling and sympathy; voice, intonation, method, style—in fact, everything—combined to make this rendition a continuous joy to the listener. He then sang the Cujus Anima with delightful treatment of his upper tones, and with most elegant phrasing. By the time he reached his next number, he began—if I may use the jargon

They prided themselves upon their ancestors who had lived two thousand years before, praised their heroes, philosophers, writers and poets, while they scoffed at the Germans who at that time were an uncivilized nation who lived in a very primitive style under the wide spreading branches of their oak trees.

Our German friend did not take much notice of their chaff, but the evening before his departure he invited all his friends, the Roman artists, to spend the evening with him.

He had decided to be revenged and had for this purpose improvised the following dialogue.

INCORPORATED
1926

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808 Church Street
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Fiddle



Arthur M. Bowman
[Proprietor]

size, \$3. A crate holds as much as a barrel. Send a card to HARVIE & CO., 20 Sheppard Street, or go to your nearest Grocer or Druggist and telephone 1670.

Social and Personal.

(Continued from Page Two.)

Mrs. Macdonald of St. George street gave a lovely lawn party in honor of her little daughter, from four to half-past six on Monday of this week. The children played in the grounds, sitting like fairies among the trees. Their delight was crowned with boxes of sweets to carry home.

Rev. Charles Duff left for Montreal on Monday to attend the Congregational Union to be held in Emmanuel church.

Mrs. Walter S. Lee returned on Monday, after visiting Winnipeg and Chicago.

Mrs. Alex. Cameron returned on Saturday last to her handsome home on Carlton street, which, during her long absence, has been quite transformed under the supervision of Mr. Frank Darling. The decorations by Elliott & Son are principally in the French styles of the Rococo and Empire periods, and the morning room is especially beautiful as finished, in blue and gold with panelled walls.

The island is filling up fast. Mr. and Mrs. Pat Hughes, Mr. and Mrs. Fred Ross and Mr. Fred Carmichael of the Bank of Montreal are among those who are staying at Mrs. Mead's. Mr. and Mrs. James E. Robertson are occupying their house in Center Island, and Messrs. Hugh B. McNaughton, Charles H. Riggs, Robert S. Smellie, Alfred H. Marsh, Q.C., and Norman Macrae are among the resorters thereabouts.

Mr. Arthur Wickson, manager of the Merchants' Bank at Winnipeg, is staying in the city for a few days.

On Wednesday morning, June 8, Mr. W. J. Heaven of Nelson, younger son of the late Rev. W. H. Heaven, vicar of Netheravon, England, was married to Bertha, youngest daughter of Mr. W. S. Broughton of 20 St. Andrew street. The bride was attended by Miss Heaven, sister of the groom, while the groom's cousin, Mr. Herbert Heaven, officiated as best man. The ceremony was performed by Rev. Canon Sweeney, D.D., rector of St. Philip's, after which breakfast was served at the residence of the bride's father. The happy couple took the two o'clock boat for Montreal and the east.

The young people of St. Luke's church are busy at work in arranging for a garden party on a large scale to be held on Tuesday, June 21, in the charming grounds of Barnstable, St. Joseph street, kindly lent to the church for the occasion by Mr. Clarkson Jones. This fête will be one of the events in the summer gaieties. The grounds are to be illuminated with electric light and Chinese lanterns, and the band of the Royal Grenadiers will add to the charm of the garden fête. A May pole dance is being rehearsed; a Punch and Judy show and phonograph will be on the grounds. Afternoon tea will be served with strawberries, ice cream and other refreshments.

Miss Emily Davies of Oak Hurst, Rosedale, gave a delightful dance on Friday evening of last week. Those present were: Miss Bestwick, the Misses M. and B. Birchall, Miss Patrick, Mrs. S. Sykes, Mrs. Allen, Mrs. F. Eddis, Miss Brown, the Misses Clark, Miss B. Bruce, Miss May Hughes, Miss E. Perrin, Miss Pullin, Miss F. Smith, Miss Annie Barker, Miss Burgess, Miss Edith McDonald, Mrs. H. P. Davies, and Messrs. G. Howard, A. Sweetman, D. McDougall, F. Eddis, Bruce, Hooper, Hughes, Stovell, Strathay, P. Jarvis, H. P. Davies, S. Sykes, I. Hughes, and Fuller.

Fifteen of the Varsity class of '82 crossed the blue waters of the bay on Tuesday evening and had their first class dinner at the R. C. Y. C. Island Club House. The evening breezes from the lake were cool but a splendid fire of logs was roaring in the open fireplace. The pretty menu was greatly admired, and the apt quotations provoked many a smile. After an excellent dinner the list of toasts was gone through with much enthusiasm. The last one—"But soft! Methinks I scent the morning air"—was literally true by the time the gentlemen came across to the city by the Esplanade. Those present were: Messrs. H. C. Dunn, J. M. Clark, A. E. O'Mara, W. T. Evans, E. F. Gunther, Wishart, W. F. W. Creelman, J. F. Grierson, W. H. Blake, J. A. Mickle, A. Mac-Murphy, Revs. P. McKnight and R. Haddon, and Mrs. Caven and Wishart.

Miss Helen Merrill of Picton is in town.

The Musical Festival.

Editor of Saturday Night:

SIR,—I quite agree with your musical editor that if a musical festival is to be held in Toronto next year action should be taken at once instead of waiting until September, and it is a subject of general wonder what causes delay in taking active steps now. I know that the president, Mr. H. J. Mason, is ready to move as soon as called upon, he having told me so himself.

Toronto, June 8. F. H. TORRINGTON.

Out of Town.

HAMILTON.

Mrs. Parker of Greenhill entertained a large number of friends at tea on Tuesday afternoon. The beautiful grounds, bright with pretty faces and handsome gowns, never were more admired. Mrs. Parker was assisted by her daughter, Mrs. Robt. Morris, and Mrs. Wanner. In the gay throng I noticed Messdames Burton, Tyle, Ramsay, Hobson, Hendrie, Mills, Briggs, Lucas, Maclean, Crerar, Ferrie, Jennings-Miller, Baker, MacKinnon, Gaviller, Charlton, Steele, Coburn, Kennedy, Symonds, McLaren, F. Mills, Misses Watson, Hendrie, Dawar, Powell, Gillard, Clarkson, McGivern, Carr, McKinnon, Briggs, Roe, Bruce, Mills, Harvey, Robinson, Simpson, Walker, Robertson, Stiff, Williams.

Mrs. MacKinnon of London is the guest of Mrs. Hugh C. Baker of Burlington terrace. The all-absorbing topic for weeks has been the wedding of Miss Chapman and Mr. Dymant of Barrie. The Ascension church never had a prettier wedding inside its walls and the bride on this occasion was as bright and charming as she always is. The hour for the wedding was set for three o'clock and long ere that time the church was crowded with spectators. At three sharp the bride entered with her brother, Mr. Charles Chapman of Montreal, and proceeded to



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WALL PAPERS

to any address if the style of design is given us, and where more elaborate work is required we will either send sketches or send a representative with a collection of designs and samples.

Decorators in
Stained Glass
Fresco and
Relief Ornament

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PENINSULAR PARK HOTEL Lake Simcoe

Magnificent Summer Hotel OPEN JUNE 22
The Finest in Canada

UNDER THE MANAGEMENT OF MR. W. H. RAY

Built at a Cost of \$50,000
Everything in First-Class Style

Electric Light, Electric Bells, Bowling Alley, Ballroom, 40 Acres Land, Lawn Tennis, Boating, Fine Bathing-house for Ladies, Bathing, Fishing. Boats regularly from Orillia and Barrie. For terms apply to

W. H. RAY, 32 Beatty Avenue, Toronto
or to N. McCONNELL, 45 Colborne Street, Toronto

the altar. Her gown was of white brocade with embroidered chiffon, bunches of orange blossoms and court train. The groom's gift to the bride was an exceedingly handsome diamond ring. The bridesmaids were: Misses Chapman, Dymant, Bell, Bull, Todd and B. Dymant. Their dainty gowns of blue silk crepe with pale blue velvet ribbon and large hats of pale blue crepe and pink roses were much admired. They all carried large bunches of pink roses. The groom's gifts to the maids were matrilque rings of pearl. Among the beautiful gowns which I admired, I can mention only a few on account of space. The gown worn by Mrs. Chapman, mother of the bride, was silver gray faille with train of gray and black brocade; Mrs. Dymant, mother of the groom, was attired in a handsome gown of black satin and jet bonnet to match; Mrs. Thomson wore black silk velvet with venetian point lace; Mrs. Johnson of Barrie wore a cream corduroy, embroidered in gold, and dainty hat to match; Miss Wood of Millbrook was attired in a costume of pale gray and white challie; Mrs. Hendrie wore a black and old-rose striped satin, with large leghorn hat; Mrs. Mackelcan's costume was very much admired, being rainbow silk lawn, with many colored stripes, picturesque hat with feathers; Mrs. Morris wore black brocade with crimson flowers; Mrs. Leggat wore a handsome gown of cinnamon brown; Miss Leggat was attired in pale green and white lace; Miss Gillard's costume was very pretty, being moss green and black organza; Miss Lottbridge wore a beautiful gown of black silk muslin with large flowers in many shades over green silk trimming with pink; Miss Dunlop wore a pretty gown of blue brocade and white silk and lace; Miss Ramsay wore a dainty gown of gray and gold; Miss Baker's costume was exceedingly chic in pale blue crepe and lace, with large hat; Mrs. Powell of British Columbia wore a dainty gown of pink with pale gray ribbons and becoming hat of pink crepe; Miss Walker's costume was very stylish, being white silk with black stripes; Miss K. Mills looked as pretty as she always does in pale blue, her sister looked well in mauve; Miss Kate Turner was becomingly gowned in white and gold; Miss H. O'Reilly was admired in a costume of pink; Mrs. Worthington, white silk and feathers in mauve; Mrs. J. M. Young in a beautiful white brocade with pink roses; Miss Roe, pale gray and white with mauve crepe bonnet; Miss McGivern, black and fawn; Miss E. McGivern, white and pale green; Miss Watson in white; Miss Barker, a beautiful gown of yellow silk and black lace. The presents were very handsome. The bride and groom left on the evening train for the east. They will reside in Thessalon for the summer and take up residence in Barrie during the winter.

Miss Labatt of London is the guest of her sister, Mrs. S. Mewburn.

Mrs. Burton, Kenwood Lodge, gave a charming luncheon on Thursday. Those present were: Messdames Turnbull, Strathay, Misses Bruce, Leggat, Walker, Harvey, McGivern and Hendrie.

Mr. Charles Chapman, Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Young, Misses Chapman, Dymant, Todd, Dr. Osborne and Mr. Ambrose spent last Sunday at the Kallenbach, Niagara Falls, N. Y.

Mrs. Hendrie gave a most beautiful luncheon on Friday, the table decorations being mauve and white lilac with lilies of the valley tied with mauve ribbons strewn over the table. Those present were: Messdames Bankier, Hay, Mackelcan, Turnbull, Morris, Jones, Misses Osborne, Powell, Watson, Dunlop, Turner, Leggat and Harvey.

Mrs. George Hamilton has returned from a three months' visit to New York. Her health is much improved although the throat affection is not quite cured, but we may expect to hear her charming voice in the fall.

The kindness has been an immense success and the ladies of St. Thomas church can congratulate themselves on it. Mrs. Mackelcan took the part of Britannia and looked regal in her suit of armor, helmet and Union Jack draped from the shoulder. She was attended by four maids of honor in court dress. The parade of all nations was the finest sight ever seen on a stage in Hamilton and the dances

(Continued on Page Twelve.)

Our Wedding Trade

During the last month has been phenomenal, simply because we were prepared for it.

We are now marking off the contents of 14 cases just arrived per str. Auranis, being part of the purchase of our Mr. Harry Ryrie, now in Europe.

Our stock contains innumerable articles specially adapted for Wedding presents, ranging in value from \$1 to \$500.

Diamonds, Sterling Silver, Fine Jewelry, Clocks, Bronzes and Articles of Virtu

Everything purchased direct from the makers thus saving all middle profit

Mail orders receive special attention.

RYRIE BROS. Jewelers
COR YONGE & ADELAIDE STS.



ARMAND'S Hair and Perfumery Store

441 Yonge and 1 Carlton Street, Toronto
TELEPHONE 2468
The Largest and Most Complete Establishment of its Kind in America.

LADIES who desire comfort, and to save trouble and time in styling their own hair during the hot weather, for travelling, seaside, country or at home, should provide themselves with one of ARMAND'S pretty little NATURAL CURLY BANG, never requiring curling, size, style and color.

OUR STYLES are FASHIONABLE and superior in make, quality and finish to any others, and recommended themselves.

Our stock of spring and summer Bangs, Fringes, Curls, Puffs, etc., is complete. Specially in making Bang and Hair Goods to measure and order to suit.

Our stock of ALL LONG HAIR SWITCHES is the largest ever seen in this country, manufactured at our premises of the best imported French combs hair. Very reasonable prices.

Six private ladies' Hair Cutting, Singing and Shampooing and Hair Coloring Parlors. Ladies' hair dressing for Weddings, Parties, etc. Hair Dyes and Dyed in every color and shade a specialty.

Pure extract pour mouchoir, le teint de ses mains. Send for circular and mention this paper.

JEAN TRAVEL-ARMAND & CO. Importers, Dealers and Manufacturers of Hair Goods and Perfumery.

441 Yonge and 1 Carlton Street, Toronto.

The Reward of Industry.

Le Grand Stained—Why is the crowd being kept back so forcibly? Kirby Stone—So as to give the police a chance to see the procession, I fancy.

LABATT'S LONDON ALE AND STOUT

For Dietetic and Medicinal Use, the most wholesome tonic and beverages available.



Eight Medals and Ten Diplomas at the World's Great Exhibitions

JOHN LABATT

London, Ont.

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WEDDING CAKES

Or the best quality and finish SHIPPED with care to ALL PARTS OF THE DOMINION.

Choice sets of Silver Cutlery and China for hire.

HARRY WEBB, 447 Yonge St., Toronto, Ont.

LADIES, REMEMBER!

On Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday

WE WILL OFFER

250 MANTLES AND JACKETS

25 Per Cent. Under Regular Prices

ALSO 100 PATTERN HATS AND BONNETS AT HALF PRICE

ELEGANT DRESSMAKING

D. GRANT & CO., 206 and 208 Yonge St.

THE BUSINESS SUIT.

Fashion is somewhat indulgent as to variety of shapes and materials used in a business suit, yet it is important that the business attire of a man who desires to be well dressed shall be perfect in design, in fit and in the harmony of all its parts. All must acknowledge this is true, because how can a man maintain a reputation for taste in dress if his apparel merely conforms to a fixed model upon one occasion while plainly violating the ordinances of good taste when thrown upon his own resources by the fever choice permitted? Thus it is apparent that in the selection of a business suit you have quite a momentous task, as much so as the selection of any other style of suit. Now you know the foregoing is true and cannot conscientiously be denied; therefore, knowing such why do you stand in your own light when the finest fabrics, the choicest goods, the best workmanship and ability to give an opinion in dress can be had from the Fashionable Tailoring Establishment of Henry A. Taylor, No. 1 Rossin Block, Toronto.

FOR ROCHESTER

SS. CARMONA

This large and commodious electric-lighted side wheel steamer will ply between Toronto and Charlotte this season, leaving Toronto every

Tuesday and Thursday at 9 p.m.
Saturday at 10 p.m.

Making direct connections with Rochester for New York and all points East.

Returning, leaving Charlotte every

Wednesday, Friday and Sunday at 8 p.m.

This boat has large stateroom accommodation, fine cable and every convenience for first-class passengers.

Tickets and freight rates may be obtained at

W. A. GEDDES, 60 Yonge Street, or on Wharf.

P. S.—Steamer open for charter (day excursions) on Mondays, Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays.

Apply to—F. MCINTYRE, 34 Yonge Street.

Niagara River Line

SINGLE TRIPS

Commencing Monday, May 16

STEAMER CIBOLA

Will leave GEDDES' WHARF, foot of Yonge Street, west side, daily at 7 a.m., for Niagara and Lewiston, connecting with New York Central and Michigan Central Railways for Falls, Buffalo and New York, and all points east and west.

Tickets at all principal offices.

JOHN FOY, Manager

Island and Cottage for Sale or Rent

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Out of Town.

(Continued from Page Eleven.)

following were one and all charming, from the children of four years to the maids of twenty. Hon. W. E. and Mrs. Sanford will be at Home Tuesday evening, when their son and daughter-in-law will be introduced to their many friends in Hamilton. I will give an account of this next week. Their palatial residence has just been finished and is beautiful both in exterior and interior. SYLVIA.

NIAGARA-ON-THE-LAKE.

The arrival during the past few days of a number of summer visitors announces the opening of the season. Already so many familiar faces have appeared that one scarcely realizes they have left behind the crowded city streets and are once again back in this quiet but fashionable little Garden of Eden. Among those who have arrived are:

Mrs. and Miss Hodgins, who will summer at Mr. Macdonnell's pretty little cottage overlooking the lake.

Dr. and Mrs. George Warren will, as usual, occupy their cottage on the river bank.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Hunter, Miss Hunter of Seaford, Miss McCartney, Mrs. and Miss Kay have taken rooms at Mrs. Miller's boarding house.

Mr. Morgan Baldwin and family are at Delatre Lodge.

Mrs. S. Jarvis and family are occupying one of the prettiest of the many quaint little cottages at Chautauque.

Mr. Livingstone Lansing and family are at Woodlawn.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Lewis of St. Louis are at Rowanwood.

Mr. and Mrs. Winthrop of Hamilton have recently purchased and will occupy the house lately owned by Miss Sawin.

Miss Fanny Small has been the guest during the week of Miss Hodgins.

Miss Beardmore and Miss Cawthra have been spending a few days in town.

Mr. G. Shaw is the guest of Mrs. M. Baldwin. His many friends will be glad to hear that Mr. W. Syer is recovering from his late serious illness.

Col. Otter and Capt. Mutton spent last Monday in town superintending arrangements for the camp next week.

Mrs. Chittenden and family have moved into their new residence on the river road.

Mrs. Harvey of Guelph spent a day or two in town last week, the guest of Mrs. F. Geddes.

Canon and Mrs. DuMoulin were also among those who paid the town a flying visit this week. GALATEA.

Education of the Negro.

Mr. Philip A. Bruce of the *Richmond Times*, in a note to the paper on "The Education of the Negro," in the *June Atlantic*, says: "Withdrawn by force from his original physical and moral environment, the negro has adapted himself to his American surroundings, and in doing so has necessarily acquired, so far as his lower intelligence permitted, the ideals and aspirations of the people to whom he was bound so long in slavery; but he is essentially still an African in the controlling tendencies of his character. When left to an exclusive association with his own people, there is a powerful inclination on the part of the Southern negro to revert to all of the distinctive features of his African ancestors. This is a fact of the utmost importance in the consideration of the proper means to be employed for the improvement of his character. The principal cause of the many failures which have been made in the effort to produce this improvement has been the unfortunate misconception that the Southern negro of today is simply an ignorant white man with a black skin. The American descendants of European immigrants are, in the second generation, thoroughly assimilated with the surrounding white population. The grandsons of an American, a German, and an Englishman differ but little, if at all, in the basis of their character. It can hardly be said that the negroes, even of those Northern communities in which their race has enjoyed freedom for five generations, are so assimilated with the surrounding white population that they are not to be discriminated from it in racial characteristics."

An Attractive Letter.

Blank—They say old Moneybags can't even write ordinary English straight. Blink—Well, I don't know. The only note I ever got from Moneybags read: "Have instructed Mr. Walker to pay you \$25,000 for their bonds we talked about yesterday," and it seemed to me one of the most charming little epistles I ever received.—*Somerville Journal*.



A Spring Thought for Mothers.

Do not continue giving your little one improper food until it is stricken with summer complaint, but begin at once the use of Nestlé's Food, universally acknowledged by the highest medical authorities as the best summer diet. When the heated term comes your child will then be strong for the battle with the heat. Sample sent free on application to THOS. LEEHING & CO., Montreal.

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Births.

CLARK—At 25 Gifford street, Toronto, on Sunday, June 5, the wife of N. J. Clark, Ontario Bureau of Industries, of a daughter.

ABERNETHY—June 7, Mrs. Carl Abner—a daughter.

SPARKS—June 2, Mrs. N. C. Sparks—a son.

MOBERLEY—June 2, Mrs. T. E. Moberley—a daughter.

HOLMES—June 1, Mrs. W. H. Holmes—a son.

ESTER—June 3, Mrs. G. H. Ester of Barrie—a daughter.

RYAN—May 31, Mrs. Mathew Ryan—a son.

GORDON—June 4, Mrs. (Dr.) Gilbert Gordon—a daughter.

LAWRENCE—June 2, Mrs. E. W. Lawrence—a son.

QUAIL—June 1, Mrs. John T. Quail—a son.

FITTON—June 2, Mrs. Cecil Humphrey Fitton—a son.

CLAUDE—June 7, Mrs. Clarence P. Claude—a son.

DAVIDSON—June 5, Mrs. J. L. Davidson—a son.

DRUMM—June 6, Mrs. (Rev.) Drumm—a son.

HARRIS—June 4, Mrs. A. Harris—a son.

Marriages.

LEIGH-SIMMONS—At the residence of the bride's father, 189 Mutual street, Toronto, on Wednesday, June 1st, by Rev. Dr. Thomas, Caroline Louise, only daughter of Mr. John D. Simmons to Ernest E. Leigh of Oshawa.

CARRUTHERS—McMILLAN—At the residence of the bride's father, 221 Yonge street, Toronto, on Wednesday, June 1st, by Rev. Hugh Bentley, John F. Carruthers of Ottawa to Jennie, daughter of Mr. Martin McMillan.

HEAVEN—BROUGHTON—On June 8, at the residence of the bride's father, 20 St. Andrew street, Toronto, by the Rev. Canon Sweeney, D. D., rector of St. Philip's, William John, younger son of the late Rev. W. H. Heaven, vicar of Netheravon, England, to Bertha, youngest daughter of W. S. Broughton, Esq., of Toronto.

MANSON—WEST—On Monday, June 6, at Holy Trinity church, by Rev. John Pearson, John Manson to Louise, daughter of the late John West, both of Toronto.

STRUTHERS—SCOTT—June 1, Archibald T. Struthers to Janet H. Scott.

KENNEDY—McEACHERN—June 1, A. E. Kennedy to Florence McEACHERN.

STEWART-DAVIS—June 1, R. W. Stewart to Minnie Davis.

MACKENZIE-ROGERS—June 2, John J. Mackenzie to Agnes Kathleen Rogers.

WALLES-EASTER—June 1, R. E. Wallis to Clara Easter.

BURNS-SHARKEY—June 1, Robert K. Burns to Agnes A. Sharkey.

GARDNER-BURNETT—June 1, W. J. Gardner to Alice R. Burnett.

MAHONY-BRUYER—May 31, J. J. Mahony to Rose A. Bruyer.

SAMPSON-MORPHY—June 1, T. Norman Sampson to Laura Evelyn Morphy.

TROTTER-VARCON—June 2, W. J. Trotter to Helena Alexandra Victoria Varcon.

DICKENSON-KENNEDY—June 1, Charles W. S. Dickenson to Laura Kennedy.

WALLACE-STEVENS—June 7, William Wallace to Ida May Stevens.

CHAPMAN-BENNETT—June 2, George Chapman to Mary E. Bennett.

TEASDALE-O'BRIEN—June 1, Henry E. Teasdale to Kate O'Brien.

MULHOLLAND-BADGEROW—June 7, Fred A. Mulholland to Evelyn Constance Badgerow.

WEST-MORROW—May 25, William H. West to Nellie Morrow.

BARRE-FORD—June 8, Frank F. Barre to Josie C. Ford.

Deaths.

CRAWFORD—June 2, Rev. John Crawford, D.D., aged 73.

BALDWIN—June 2, Mrs. (Rev.) Arthur H. Baldwin.

CARLILE—June 2, William V. Carlile, aged 50.

GLADISH—June 3, William Gladish, aged 82.

McLAUGHLIN—June 3, Allan McLaughlin, aged 8 months.

MUCHALL—May 28, Mary E. J. Muchall, aged 61.

WOODHOUSE—June 6, Sarah Woodhouse, aged 55.

HARE—June 6, Elizabeth Burnside Hare.

BREWER—June 6, Florence Brewer, aged 3.

PATTERSON—June 7, Rev. Canon Patterson, aged 65.

KORTRIGHT—June 7, Theresa, wife of Sir Cornelius Kortright, K.C.M.G.

STEELE—June 7, Margaret C. Steele, aged 82.

GRAINGER—June 7, Sarah H. Grainger, aged 70.

KERSTEMAN—June 6, William Kersteman, aged 40.

PRITTE—June 5, Eliza Pritte, aged 71.

SNIDER—June 3, John J. Snider, aged 28.

REYNOLDS—June 8, Anastasia Reynolds, aged 74.

IRWIN—June 3, Willie Albert Irwin, aged 3.

BOOMER—June 6, Henry L. Boomer, infant.

READ—June 8, Arthur Forsyth Read, infant.



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